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CRITICISM AND DISCUSSION OF LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

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CHICAGO, JUNE 20, 1918

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IN THIS ISSUE

The War Within the War

By WILL DURANT

Blue Roses

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THE DIAL

A Fortnightly Journal of Criticism and Discussion of Literature and The Arts

The War Within the War

Because human beings have a happy faculty of lightening the heaviest ills with the hope and fantasy of blessings to come, we are almost unanimous today in the belief that the sufferings of war are the birth pains of a world-wide social rebirth. As governments have been forced, by the very nature of modern war, to become—if they are to be effective belligerents—more autocratic with every passing month of war, we have written more and more buoyantly about the golden age of freedom that lurks around the corner of our tragedy. As the needs of finance and personnel have driven governments more and more into the administrative hands of "successful"—and therefore of conservative—men, we have looked forward cheerfully to a world purged and renewed under the auspices of liberal statesmen. And whatever discouragements the actual course of the war's progress may bring, we console ourselves with the lullaby of the new social order that peace is trusted to bring.

Let us understand it well: if this mountain of hope begets nothing but disillusion it will be because those who fear social reconstruction have been more alert than those who so confidently preach it and give it welcome. Hope, like doubt, is a starting point and not a goal; conclusions and realizations must be paid for in energy and action. While we fill halls and pages with our prophecies of a better world—and then go home to our tea—the men who desire the extension of that system under which, in time of peace, they seized supremacy are now, in time of war, actively setting in motion the forces of obstruction, actively proceeding with their efforts to secure full control over state and federal governments, actively enlarging their power over the media of

public information. And of course they will continue to preach and prophesy optimistically when this serves to deepen the slumber of the innocent who believe the new world a consummation fully assured. But just as capitalism became robust and international while the well-intentioned talked of its "inevitable" suicide (by a kind of Hegelian *hara-kiri*), so this war which we ennoble with our ideals can end with reaction enthroned unless the lovers of a more decent world unite action with words.

Consider the possibilities. Already the internationalization of financial monopolies has cut across political and patriotic frontiers. The intelligence of the men who possess financial control has given them a combined power which it behooves us to contemplate. For financial control has countless pseudopodia, reaching subtly everywhere, and with infinite variation. Consider that power in the advertisements, the editorials, and the headlines of the daily press: here is such power to mould human purpose—and if need be to corrupt it—as poor Gutenberg never dreamed of; and at times one wonders whether or not democracy is doomed to drown in a sea of poisoned ink. Print is king, and the film is heir apparent; soon every screen will preach reaction in seven reels. With this power to determine public opinion, and with this control over lending and investment, the gods of the status quo can threaten an overliberal government with almost irresistible assault. And the new world which President Wilson would bring to birth may die silently struggling in the womb of unconcerted effort. With such control and such publicity, who knows but that a gullible majority may yet be made to clamor for a Japanese invasion of Russia, for coolie and conscript labor, for

universal service and militarization of the mind, and for any Prussian abomination whatever that can be invoked in the name of those very ideals to further which the war is being fought? Add to this the expenditure of countless millions on the support of reactionary candidates in 1918 and 1920, and the well financed attempt to use both patriotism and pacifism against a liberal President, and we have a situation which requires to be faced not with easy hopefulness but with laborious and particularizing thought.

What kind of thinking does reconstruction need? We are still Germans in philosophy and incline to look on thought rather as a refuge than as a weapon, rather as a way of retreat from a recalcitrant reality into a kindlier world to be had for the imagining, than as a means of control for the realization of an imagined world. And as Kant and his followers conceived a "transcendental world" in which the paraphernalia of pre-Enlightenment philosophy would still operate and console, while diligent lords steered back the state into the feudalism from which Napoleon so nearly snatched it, so one is tempted today to shirk the shock which reality brings to the hardened categories of a senile thought and to take refuge in the past or the future, in memories or Utopias, regrets or prophecies. The new social order is coming, and that is all there is to it.

We suffer not only from the old difficulty of uniting a readiness for action with a capacity for analytic thought; but also from the old habit of conceiving thought as an instrument of understanding merely, rather than as an organ for the resynthesis of analyzed experience into effective response to a novel and fluent situation. We have taken it as our task to see things clearly and report them, to break up the indigestible wholes of social experience into manageable parts. But we have left to others the remunerative risks of action. We have diagnosed and gone away without prescribing. Bolder ones have prescribed and walked off with the fee. That the function of intelligence is to remake the world as well as to perceive and understand it—this,

which is as old an idea as almost any in philosophy, seems to be known only to those subtle gentlemen whose notion of remaking the world is essentially a notion of transferring its wealth into their coffers by magic manipulations.

Another unhappy element in the situation lies in this, that most men of the active type are as conservative by temper as most men of thought are liberal. Intelligence is liberal, because liberalism connotes the foresight that directively co-operates with necessary change; most active people are conservative, because action fears a flux and fares best where the situation changes least. Active people are conservative, again, because "success" comes chiefly to active men and brings conservatism with it; whereas a large proportion of our thinkers are men who lack the qualities of action—all thought being of the nature of hesitation. And always, it seems, this quality of hesitancy clings to thought and is its price; so that men who are liberals because they think, and think because they are capable of doubt, are lost when the call to action sounds.

Clearly the haters of the new are entrenched in a position which can be successfully attacked only after the resolute abandonment of generalities for a study of details. This does not mean unmitigated specialism: thought may be precise and practical, yet richly rooted in philosophic breadth; indeed, it must be so rooted if its precision and practicality are not to issue in self-cancelling futility. Liberal thinking must leave the vague orbit of hopeful imagery and find the foci of specific mental effort. Already we see the control of a large section of the press, once edited by men of character and independence, passing into the hands of men who are continually sacrificing the vitality and coherence of our society to their instincts of mastery and acquisition. Can this evil be lessened or counteracted? and just specifically how? Can liberal journals be persuaded to undertake a concerted and running exposure of the misrepresentations indulged in by these elements of the press, each such journal conducting a department, so to speak, for

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the nailing of political lies? Why should not these journals organize a bureau the function of which would be to inquire into all dubious statements of fact contained in reactionary propaganda (as, for example, in the campaign for Japanese intervention in Russia) and to serve these journals with verifiable material for exposure and rectification? As another, and even more disturbing, example we have Samuel Gompers and an autocratic political machine of the American Federation of Labor attempting to lay down the moral law to British and French and Italian labor (who, after all, have four years of fighting behind them), presuming to tell Arthur Henderson just when and under what conditions Allied labor will "converse" with German labor. Can nothing be done to people like Mr. Gompers, who with the best intentions in the world are yet so intellectually and spiritually decrepit that without even knowing it they are making it more and more difficult for labor in England and France and Italy to unite with American labor for a common front against the enemy? Can we only ask people like this to bring themselves up to date? Perhaps we critics are too gentle, and overhesitant in the use of hard words to hard hearts and adamant heads; we need a little more honest pepper in our English. And as a last example, there is George Creel, suddenly made the vicarious target of pages of editorial ooze: are we, despite his too frequent lack of good sense, standing by him as we should, sedulously nailing the lies, puncturing the absurdities, undrapping the motives of the cowardly assault? Surely the last hope of American journalism, in these decisive days when we have come so suddenly upon a fork in the road of our national development, lies in the resistance which critical periodicals can offer to the predatory plutocracy which too often hides behind the anonymity of the daily press.

These are not counsels of perfection, nor yet quite unillustrated by achievement. The generous plans on foot in New York for the establishment of an unfettered institute for political research and preparation constitute an exhilarating example of

progressive thought that dares come down from the clouds of criticism into the perilous maze of specific effort and actual circumstance. Here is a brave beginning; why should there not spring from it some forces directive of nation-wide research into all the vital phases of the social problem, and even some mechanism for the dissemination of results? For it will not suffice that students and publicists should harness their thinking to specific needs; every man and woman in the country must be given an opportunity to feel the invigoration that comes of knowledge won and used. A democracy uninformed is a democracy chloroformed—a dream democracy, sham surface of an oligarchic core. Only a fund of facts and a power to think can preserve the voter from the avalanche of paid suggestion that falls upon him, from platform and periodical, at election-tide; without these safeguards votes follow the line of greatest gold, and triumphant plutocracy smiles Mephistopheleanly. Against the forces that operate to becloud the voter's judgment and betray his interest the forces of reconstruction will have to utilize such instrumentalities of information as may be found available and amenable to this purpose (the Congress of Forums is an opportunity beckoning to liberals), and will have to organize further mechanisms for the same result.

To make such arrangements for research and enlightenment, to devise some concert of purpose and method among liberal journals and moulders of public opinion, to work out through all these ways some programme of pertinent principles and specific aims—these are matters to which intelligence must turn without waiting for the war to end. For even now the enemy within our gates, the forces that wish to procure the abortion of the nascent social order, are generous with time and thought and countless gold against us; and only superior knowledge and decision can defeat them. The tasks of peace must be begun while the war is on, and they will be directed and controlled by those who heard the call of the future even while the cannon roared their iron argument.

WILL DURANT.

Blue Roses

I sit beside the window sill
 And watch my hands lie, palm up, on my knee
 As if they had no will to stir—watch them until
 They are become no part of me,
 Strange, alien hands I know not. On and on
 The thick air beats in rhythms, measuring
 One minute gone, one—minute gone, one—
 minute—gone,
 Of time that yet moves not, nor will,
 Until its pulse is maddening
 And I start up and shake the lethargy
 Off of my shoulders, shrug
 My weakness from me like a close, grey shawl,
 Travel the floor, setting my feet mechanically
 Between the round, blue roses on the rug . . .
 There are blue roses, too, upon the wall—
 Thin, flat, blue roses . . .

My thoughts are like those roses on the wall,
 They make a blue design
 Unstirred
 By any wind of speech—
 A bright, hard scrawl
 Of dizzy leaves and dizzy flowers that twine
 And writhe, sunblurred,
 And each
 Repeating endlessly flat bud and vine
 And twisting line
 Unto that biggest, bluest splash of all—
 An aimless, changeless scrawl
 Of thin, blue roses . . .

"Hot fighting at the front. English retreat."
 The paper lay across his knee,
 The headlines blared across the sheet.
 "Hot fighting at the front. English retreat."
 He looked at me
 With the old grim, grey look
 I thought my fears had conquered
 And the room
 Went suddenly most strange.
 The lamplight made a sickly gloom
 Over the rug's gay garden plot.
 The table and the old comradely chairs
 Whose every scar and spot
 I knew, mocked me with change
 Like words that rearrange
 Themselves in hideous new meanings.
 And I went upstairs
 Where, in the chest, were laid
 Wee, half-sewn garments never worn,
 (He for whom they were made
 Coming to us still-born.)

God! if the day were not so still.
 Noon lies a dead weight in the room.
 The open casement sucks a dull perfume

Across the sill
 As dry earth sucks the sun.
 All sounds but one
 Are smothered out in heat and glare,
 But by the dust-brown hedge
 I hear the dry grasshopper's buzz-saw tear
 The thick-knit air
 Beyond the window ledge.
 Blasted by too much light,
 The withered garden aches along my sight
 Until all forms and sounds become a pain
 And drive my senses back
 To weave their devious old track
 Again
 Round and around those blue wall-paper roses.

They become
 A thousand faces—
 Blue, evil, little faces,
 Smirking and sneering at me from their places
 While I sit dumb,
 "You lied! You lied!"
 And then again,
 "You lied!"

"What do you stitch?" he said
 I answered, "Nothing," and
 I made as if to hide
 What my bright thread
 Was fashioning underneath my hand.
 But I knew he would see
 The little, telltale sleeve,
 Take it, man-clumsily,
 Look at me
 And believe—

I heard the lamp purr, and a droning fly.
 A hot, swift fear
 Snatched at the minutes that were hours,
 And when he answered I could hear
 My youth go by—
 Turn from the room
 And pass out through the garden, down the
 walks
 Bordered by red begonia and pale stalks
 Of touch-me-nots and gilly flowers
 And white syringa bloom—
 So into silence.

The baby dress still clung
 To his big hand. "Shall our son call
 Me coward, then?" was all
 He said, and I made no reply
 For all words turned to sand upon my tongue.

And so I sit here with my lie
 Beside me, and I watch blue roses crawl
 Across a wall.

ELOISE ROBINSON.

The Poetic Drama of Paul Claudel*

There is a certain majesty, a certain lofty serenity, in the picture of Paul Claudel at work. For nearly thirty years—sometimes in the Far East, occasionally in France, and for a period of time in America—this solitary genius has gone his lonely way, worshiping his muse with a fidelity of devotion and a beautiful union of verb and idea that have placed him apart from any other living poet. It would be futile to attempt a critical estimate of his work as presented in translation, no matter how apparently successful the translator's result. For Paul Claudel, perhaps more than any other writer, has embodied his philosophy and enshrined his poetry in a language that all but seals the profundity of the one and the distinguished beauty of the other from those who cannot avail themselves of the original presentation.

He has created an *art poetique* founded upon two essentially primitive elements: the metaphor and the natural, respiratory rhythm. The vulgar metaphor, as we know it, is the artificial union of two terms which resemble each other. The metaphor of Claudel however is the new word, the "notation of novelty," that operation which results from the single instant when two utterly unrelated objects are in harmony. To make a metaphor is to express the encounter of two beings *whose paths never again shall cross*. And by Claudel's adherence to this unique æsthetic formula we discover that our immediate reaction to his works is our perception of the sensuous, exotic aura which enwraps them. Long before we become aware of the purity of his thought, long before we are brought to a realization of his sure instinct, of the relentless, inevitable fashioning of man's relation to nature and to God, we perceive with all our senses the glow, the ring, the consistence, the very surging of this chain of imagery that wraps us about. To illustrate this effect by quotation from his dramas is quite impossible. Just as each play is a verse in the poem of life and cannot be understood apart from the others, so is the beauty of every line,

crepuscular in tone, dimmed in another setting. The first words of the Peasant in the "Electra" of Murray's Euripides have something of the primitive quality of Claudel's metaphor:

Old gleam on the face of the world, I give thee hail,
River of Argos land. . .

And it is interesting to note that after a reading of Claudel one is incessantly reminded of him by any unusually beautiful use of the metaphor by another poet.

Into the mouth of *Cœuvre* (In "La Ville," second version) Claudel has put the words that explain his use of the natural, the respiratory rhythm:

O mon fils! lorsque j'étais un poète entre les hommes,

J'inventai ce vers qui n'avait ni rime ni mètre,
Et je le définissais dans le secret de mon cœur
cette fonction double et réciproque

Par laquelle l'homme absorbe la vie, et restitue
dans l'acte suprême de l'expiration,

Une parole intelligible.

This verse is the most essential movement in the human being. By its length and by its measure it manifests the profound state of him who pronounces it; for as the amplitude of the respiratory rhythm varies with the quality of the emotion, it dilates and contracts, line by line, following the contour of intimate thought. That most intelligent and sympathetic of Claudel's critics, Jacques Rivière, has published a number of quotations from the poet's work which serve admirably to illustrate the forceful quality of this rhythm. What wretchedness, remarks M. Rivière, in the first words of *Cébès* ("Tête-d'Or," second version):

Me voici,
Imbecile, ignorant,
Homme nouveau devant les choses inconnues,
Et je tourne ma face vers l'Année et l'arche
pleuvieuse, j'ai plein mon cœur d'ennui!

How the verses rise and fall with de-

* The Yale University Press has published the following works of Paul Claudel in a uniform edition at \$1.50 each: "The East I Know," "The Tidings Brought to Mary," and "The Hostage." The translations are excellent, particularly that of the beautiful "Tidings Brought to Mary." The publishers hope ultimately to bring out Claudel's dramatic works, excepting only one or two plays not properly representative of his genius—an enterprise of importance equaled in recent years only by Mr. Teixeira de Mattos's uniform edition of Maeterlinck. The same press plans before long to publish Claudel's "Three War Poems."

jection! His breath lacks the courage to sustain the thought. And the suffocation, the oppression, the broken panting anguish of the Emperor suddenly plunged into the tenebrous depths ("Le Repos du Septième Jour"):

Ah! ah! oh! oh! où, où
Suis-je?
Absorbé,
Englouti, enfoncé! la Noirceur noire
Me touche la face et je fais corps avec son épaisseur.

And finally what ample serenity in the long verses that display the voice of the *Récitant* to describe the *Séjour des Sages* ("Le Repos"):

Gravés sur la paroi de pierre ces mots antiques
Caché-dans-le-pli-de-l'épaule
Indiquent au seul élu le chemin.
Car la grande Montagne, comme un joyau, dans
le pli de son cou, recèle l'asile de paix.

Claudel has understood the interpenetration of the soul and the body, and his verse responds to the profound oscillation of the whole being, spiritual and corporeal. His rhythm is the most natural, the most essential possible; it rises and falls with the breast as the breath reproduces these interior pulsations.

It is not without a certain significance that the first volume of collected plays by Paul Claudel was entitled "L'Arbre." I have said that each play is a verse in the poem of life. Not alone are his plays interrelated but his entire doctrine is one of interrelation. The world is for him an harmonic whole of infinite complexity whose every note is mutually, simultaneously evoked and counterbalanced. He has written: "Nous ne pouvons définir une chose; elle n'existe en soi que par les traits en qui elle diffère de toutes les autres." There exists a concordance of all things, a coöperation, a constant relation between the movements and actions of the world which are prolonged, developed, and propagated by time. And time is "le sens de la vie." It is the movement of the world, and as such it is twofold. There is a time which is inscribed in celestial signs and on our terrestrial clocks; that is uniform. There is also a time which is the progress of living beings and the continuous modification of their relations; this time is real

and qualitative. Each being has his prescribed task, his space of time to testify. Time is a coöperation of all beings; that is to say, a drama, an immense work to which we all are yoked.

"Nous ne naissons pas seul. Naître pour tout, c'est co-naître. Tout naissance est un co-naissance" ("Traité de la Co-naissance au monde et de soi-même"). All objects have a common essence which is movement. "Tout est mouvement." Spirit, as well as matter, is movement. That movement which has created an object encounters other movements which resist it; it is forced to recoil upon itself at the contact with neighboring beings; and as it cannot cease, it becomes vibration. "La vibration, c'est le mouvement prisonnier de la forme." And the particular forms in their aggregate constitute this complex and unified design which is the general form of the universe. Thus there is no inertia in the world. All beings are engaged in a common endeavor; they are in perpetual effort. Each being has to construct and maintain its form, and each leans upon the others for support; they buttress one another to construct and maintain the form of the whole.

The animal ceaselessly creates his form, renews it continually, in consuming the nutrition that he assimilates. But man has more and better work to do. Whereas the former is endowed only with a sensuous knowledge or apprehension which informs him only about particular objects, telling him whether they are to him useful or not, man "a été fabriqué pour s'arranger avec tout." Thanks to his intellect, he is able to discern the elements essential to his development and extract from them his needs.

"Chaque homme a été créé pour être le témoin et l'acteur d'un certain spectacle pour en déterminer en lui le sens." He ought then to guard scrupulously his place in the evolution of the chorus. His presence in the path, which is indicated by his instinct and his temperament, is essential to the perfection of the drama. The greatest crime, the only crime which he can commit is to stray from it, to depart from his personality, to force his tastes and his tendencies, to refuse his rôle. And it is in

a drama which is in many aspects his masterpiece, in "L'Echange," that Claudel has so eloquently elaborated this credo.

Louis Laine and Thomas Pollock dared to scorn the profound ties which bound them to their partners; they tried to exchange wives. It was Lechy Elbernon who inspired the crime—Lechy, "la mutation personifiée," the symbol of inconstance, of disorder, of unruliness, of desertion, of divorce; an actress of multiple faces, of error and seduction:

Et je m'en vais de lieu en lieu, et je ne suis pas une seule femme, mais plusieurs, prestige, vivante dans une histoire inventée.

The poison of Lechy corrupts Louis Laine; he awakens to the old instinct of liberty, of disobedience to life, which sleeps in the hearts of all men. Thereupon he sells his wife to Thomas Pollock for a handful of dollars, his wife, Marthe, Bitter-Sweet, she who was destined to follow him everywhere, to weigh heavily upon his arm all the length of his route and his journey; she who was to ask back of him the soul which "sa mere lui a donnée." Marthe supplicates him with indignation, showing him that to each man a woman is given for his eternal companion, to embrace, to augment, and to partake of his sadness:

Et l'homme n'a point d'autre épouse, et celle-là lui a été donnée, et il est bien qu'il l'embrasse avec des larmes et des baisers.

For them to separate is to disturb the order of life; it is to shatter the measure of the chorus. And all exchange, all divorce, is punished. Marthe knows it well when she implores the justice of the universe. Laine understands it at the end; and he runs, haggard, in search of the place he has lost, and unable to find it:

Malheur à moi parceque je suis dans le grand monde comme un homme égaré et perdu.

He has put himself without the law; he must disappear; life resumes its impassive regularity. Without violence, without check, with the slow certainty of inevitable labors, it disperses the weak, human effort.

Tout est vain contre la vie, humble, ignorante, obstinée.

The exchange is the essential crime; but it is also the impossible crime, for it cannot subsist. The vow must be obeyed, the

part maintained, the route followed, the journey accomplished.

In "L'Annonce faite à Marie," rewritten from "La Jeune Fille Violaine," we are in the presence of the same relentless adjustment at nature's immutable hands. Violaine accepts her martyrdom in a spirit of beautiful calm, and she forgoes her terrestrial happiness without one pitying, backward glance. In another direction, we find her sister Mara effecting her crime with an equal, though terrible, confidence, knowing that the way of her life is with Jacques Hury, the betrothed of Violaine. Jacques Hury, deceived by Mara, turned by her from Violaine, unites bitterly his path and her own, knowing that he has done his duty in passing his life by the side of this woman. What is important is not the happiness of his love but the exact accomplishment of his rôle, his significance, his voice in the total chant, in the universal harmony. And who can describe the beautiful, ineffable sadness which bathes like a scented mist this wonderful picture of medieval France?

What is the end of all these dramas? Where is the inevitable single theme of "La Ville," of "Le Repos du Septième Jour," of "Tête-d'Or," of "L'Otage"? It lies, as has now frequently been iterated, in man's fidelity to himself, to his rôle. Peace, the true peace, is dispensed at the supreme moment to those who were the faithful and scrupulous actors of the drama. It is refused to those who would divest themselves of their mission and strip themselves of their personality. Not a single act is an indifferent one; each has its value in the ensemble and weighs upon the rest. The world has need that all the beings composing it coöperate liberally for its development and work unceasingly to erect it. The end of the world, which is also its origin, is God.

Such, in brief, is the thesis and the life-drama of Paul Claudel. It is accurately and sympathetically summarized in M. Jacques Rivière's "Etudes" and wholly, simply, and beautifully presented in M. Claudel's "Art Poétique" and in his "Abrégé de toute la doctrine chrétienne."

LEWIS GALANTIERE.

Our London Letter

A friend warns me that I should not make poetry the whole staple of the argument in these letters. Of course, it is nearly always in verse that the literary tendency of any age reveals itself most acutely; and, besides this, the revival of interest in verse is one of the salient features of the moment. Yet it is true there are other kinds of literature which flourish.

Another friend—whose warning I take less kindly—complains that, not only in these letters but elsewhere, I discover a new masterpiece every month or so and that if my judgments had any weight or value the halls of fame would be by now as crowded as a Tube station on a raid night. These suggestions combine to shake me out of my groove. I am compelled to look round and inquire just how we stand at this moment—where it is that everything is taking us. This is the easier because literature, unlike the one recalcitrant sheep in the story, is standing still for the moment and allows itself to be counted.

To a professional author the present state of literature generally means, first of all, the state of the market. A consideration far removed from the ideal, no doubt! But after all, as one of our most distinguished novelists is fond of remarking, when the thing is written it is cheese; and so long as we do not look on it as cheese before or during the act of composition, the greatest danger is avoided. Moreover, our cynicism is the fault of Providence or the public, who can easily prevent us from being mercenary by giving us a little money. I have heard it said that the author's greed for gold exceeds in intensity that of any other human being except the actor. Very possibly this is true, as it is true that starving men are hungrier than others; but at the same time, the author's saturation point is low. It is getting next to nothing which makes him so grasping.

My own opinion is that the inevitable strain of war is making a large section of the community more serious. Now, the novel is not necessarily less serious than anything else; but the commercial article was produced for readers who wanted nothing serious and, very often, by writers to whom it was not congenial and to whom therefore it could not be serious. But the minds of many persons have been sufficiently exercised by the private and public problems of the war to feel an appetite for the best work of, say, an essayist instead of the forced second-rate work which was all he could give them in the form of the novel.

This however is only a suggestion; and the real explanation may perhaps be found in our old friend, the spread of popular education.

Whatever the explanation, the fact remains. There is a wide growth of intellectual interests by no means confined to the scientific topics, which, it was once prophesied, were shortly to beat literature out of the field. This has even spread to our Old Public Schools, which are not commonly hotbeds of intellectual activity. Repton, hitherto chiefly famous for having nurtured the great cricketer Mr. C. B. Foy, has produced an astonishing magazine, called "A Public School Looks at the World," in which all manner of serious questions are discussed in a serious and competent way. Eton has very surprisingly followed this example with a review which shows some leaning towards the labor view of things in general. It is a curious world which Repton is regarding—and helping to create. But there it is, and we are undeniably moving.

But, of course, the war is having other effects than proving that literature was a business like selling calico, except that one got much less per yard. Very few authors in England—taking into consideration only those with some reputation—can make a living out of writing books. Books are written chiefly because they insist on being written—sometimes as advertisements which may bring in to the authors more work for the periodicals. Books cannot be printed on the backs of puffs of pills, but periodicals can. So writing is here, at any rate, the devil's own job, from a financial point of view; and authors may be excused if, being called from their own work to the contemplation of literature in general, they think first of the chances of extracting a few more pence from that surly parent, the public.

This is all very sordid, but I am working by a detour to a train of thought that will better please the idealists. For the answer to the question whether literature shows signs of flourishing financially is in the affirmative; and the reason for that astonishing answer is not that lunatics have taken to buying two copies of a novel where one served before, but that the public intelligence is developing. This means that the man of letters in general is beginning to have a show and that that hit-or-miss specialist, the writer of novels, is no longer the only person for whom the public clamors. It is now possible to write, print, and sell books of parodies, essays, satires, poems, and Heaven knows what. This is a great relief for the man who in former days would have

pleased neither himself nor the public by the fiction that the public demanded of him.

And the reason? One turns inevitably now to the war to explain any difficult new social phenomenon. Mr. Charles Marriott produced the same explanation long before 1914 in his novel "Sub-Soil" when he alleged that our South African campaign improved the taste of English readers. Apparently this war is not injuring literature by killing off the young writer. Our losses in that way have really been extraordinarily small, the simple reason being that a very large percentage of young writers have turned out to be physically unfit for combatant service. This does not imply that they are all weaklings; but most of them seem to have ruined their sight either over proofs or over their own handwriting. However, I said "apparently" with intention. We are losing principally in the very young men who had not begun to write or had achieved only quite immature work, and whose loss is therefore passed over as of no significance from the literary point of view. But what significance the casualty lists may contain for literature we can, of course, never really know. The one thing certain is that here, as in the other professions and arts, a gap will become discernible five or ten or fifteen years after the war is done; and this gap may well be terrible and desolating.

A more easily measurable factor in the situation is created by the employment of nearly every author of military age on some sort of national service, generally in government offices. The few that are not so employed are generally to be found grinding their lives out in the attempt to do the work of two men on the more mechanical side of their calling. The meaning of this is fairly obvious. Imaginative writers, many of them at the most fertile period of their careers, are being prevented from expressing the inspirations that nevertheless come to them just as usual. This is not a matter of complaint, except against fate; and I am not complaining. I merely state the position, which seems to me to be of importance. There is no doubt whatever in my mind that we must inevitably lose a number of valuable works of the imagination, which will be long past dealing with when leisure comes at last to those who might have been their authors. Any writer knows that a subject retained too long in the mind or, worse still, attempted and abandoned for want of time, often loses its freshness and sometimes becomes impossible. And we cannot overlook the fact that this frustration may

well in certain cases have its disastrous reaction on the talent of the authors concerned.

A grievance of literature analogous to this is caused by shortage of paper and cost of production. Costs of production have risen out of sight, and it has been found more difficult to raise the price of books than the price of almost any other commodity. But the publisher does not only pay an enormous price for the essential ingredient of paper; he is also severely rationed in the quantity he may use. Before rationing became oppressive, high prices made him chary of locking up costly paper in books whose slow sale would bring in the expected profits only over a term of years, when paper would have become cheaper; and this tended to discourage the publication of solid works in favor of those which might be reckoned to attract public favor immediately. And now that the publisher has only a little paper to dispose of he can hardly use it for books that may not pay for themselves, and speculative publishing (the worthiest form of speculation known) has practically ceased. This means that new authors and those whose reputations are not yet made are excluded from the arena for that heartbreakingly indefinite period, "the duration," and the effect of this is discouragement and embitterment. Though not amounting to a catastrophe to letters, this is a matter for thought. Indeed, the trouble is beginning to extend to established authors, and the opinion has been expressed that it is a little hard that the paper which can be found in profusion for government forms and the reports of inane government committees should be denied to valuable works of literature. Mr. Bernard Shaw was moved to observe at a meeting of the Authors' Society the other day that the rationing of paper was "under the control of people popularly described as practical business men," and that the class seemed to contain "totally illiterate people, quite unconscious of the intellectual life of the community, and ready to sacrifice education or literature for the immediate purposes of the war." The reflection that this provokes in me is that the business man who has gone off with Mr. Shaw's paper is like a man who should inadvertently carry off a hornets' nest; and, if they really have been interfering with Mr. Shaw's paper, he will find some somewhere on which to make this incautious person a public laughing stock. But it is not likely that more paper will be made available, and my prophetic soul grows dizzy at the thought of the literary market and

the state of mind of reviewers when the war is over and the belated masterpieces begin to appear.

So that is how we stand; and our temporary discomforts seem to me to be more than counterbalanced by the undoubted stirrings of intellectual interests in the country. Yet—and here the casualty lists appear again—the reading public of after the war, the young public of readers between eighteen and forty, by which most writers are chiefly stimulated, will be to an altogether unprecedented degree composed of women; and though I do not look forward to this with positive dread, I look forward to it with considerable uncertainty. Undoubtedly much of our present intellectual "liveliness" is feminine; women have accounted for a great deal of the extraordinary success of Rupert Brooke's posthumous volumes. This is an unknown factor in the shaping of the future, and it may easily overturn the most careful and reasonable prophecies.

EDWARD SHANKS.

London, May 20, 1918.

Nostalgia

I am at home everywhere,
At home nowhere.

I have more friends than I can count,
Not one a David to a Jonathan.

I have a sweetheart in every port,
Only my mother would give up her life for me.

I am a ship that's dropped its anchor
At a thousand places—and another one.

Each place a dream—lovelier
Than the dream that went before.

I was so glad to be moving on,
I always yearned for the place to come.

And even more, and always more,
For the place I started from.

That is strange: I hated no place more,
No place loved me less.

I am back again now,
Moored in my home-port,

The place where I first lifted anchor,
And vowed never to return.

I am home-sick for the thousand places I have
seen,
Each lovelier than the place that went before.

JOHN COUNROS.

A University Survey of Religions

RELIGIONS OF THE PAST AND PRESENT. A Series of Lectures delivered by Members of the Faculty of the University of Pennsylvania. Edited by James A. Montgomery. Lippincott; \$2.50.

This volume, in spite of its bulk (425 pages), is far from constituting a systematic introduction to the study of comparative religion. There is nowhere given a clear formulation of the essential nature and of the secondary ramifications of the concept "religion," nor is there any attempt made to cover all of the historically important religions known to us. Thus not a word is devoted to the two great indigenous religions of China, Confucianism and Taoism; while even the third religious system of the great republic, Buddhism, is treated not in terms of its present distribution and significance but almost entirely from the standpoint of its Hindu canonical literature. Nor do we learn of the Shinto of Japan. We have a lecture on the religion of the ancient Teutons (really a summary, for the most part, of the cosmology of the early Scandinavians as revealed in the Older Edda) but nothing is said of the beliefs of the heathen Celts or Slavs.

Of the tremendous variety of religious belief and ceremonial covered, or rather disguised, by the meaningless term "primitive religions" we get hardly an inkling. This is rather a pity, as we have stored up in the ethnological literature far more adequate presentations of the religious systems of a number of tribes than it seems possible to obtain of those of Greece and Rome. While the Orphic and Eleusinian mysteries can only be viewed as through a glass, darkly, we are in a position to appreciate, directly and vividly, something of the nature of the ecstatic or Dionysian note of religion in the accounts that ethnologists have given us of the so-called "secret societies" of the West Coast Indians. The general public might also have profited from a fairly explicit account of the complexity and impressiveness of the ritual systems prevailing among such tribes as the Aranda of Australia or the Hopi and Navaho of the desert Southwest. Instead of a live utilization of the stores of valuable data which the field ethnologists have gathered for us, we have to content ourselves with a purely schematic chewing the cud of generalities on animism, totemism, fetishism, taboo, and the rest—generalities that have become exceedingly tiresome to ethnologists and laymen alike. This is not necessarily to find fault with the lecturer on "Primi-

tive Religion," who has done about as well as might have been expected with a thankless and essentially impossible task. A sympathetic treatment of two or three specific tribal religions, or even of one, would have been at once more illuminating and less tedious.

But it is in connection with the "religions of the present" that we have most reason to be disappointed. Indeed, aside from the treatment of Hinduism and sundry incidental remarks on modern Zoroastrianism and Mohammedanism, the volume takes a "snakes in Ireland" attitude towards this part of its theme. Not the least alluring implication of the title of the volume is a promise of insight into the development and psychology of modern and recent religious movements. As it is, we get no nearer to the Protestant revolt and to the long series of individualistic, anti-institutional manifestations of the religious impulse that make up the history of nonconformism and revivalism than a lecture on medieval Christianity. Even this is little more than a sketch of the institutional aspects of medieval Roman Catholicism; we are not so much as told of the existence of an Eastern Christian tradition. Judaism is represented solely by a chapter on the early Hebrew religion, the fiercely tribal cult, the local monotheism, of Yahwe. Of the petrification of the Jewish religion in medieval and modern times into the mechanical routine of prayer and dull ritual we are hardly informed, nor do we learn of the lightening of the burden of orthodoxy that goes by the name of Jewish Reform. It would have been of the greatest psychological interest to have had pointed out to us and analyzed two of the recent drifts that attest spiritual dissatisfaction with current religious forms, standardized and desiccated. On the one hand, such phenomena as the rise and spread of the Salvation Army and the amazing popularity of Billy Sunday seem symptomatic of a yearning for the emotional intensification of religious experience, of a revolt against ethical self-satisfaction and lukewarm acceptance of the minimal requirements of religion. On the other hand, a mystical or occultistic craving is curiously apparent in the vogue of Christian Science, theosophy, and other pseudo-philosophical cults, a craving which implies dissatisfaction with the tepid rationalizations of orthodox Protestantism no less than fear of the bleak certainties and ignorances of scientific faith.

In brief, what generally happens when a sym-

posium, a series of talks on selected subjects, is reduced to book form and provided with a title in lieu of inner coherence, has happened here. The editor has tried to forestall criticism with the remark that "it was left to each man to set forth his subject according to his own ideas of matter and proportion—the result is the bracing individuality of each chapter, and the spontaneity of the whole." It is only fair to the university lecturers to remark that as soon as we adopt the standpoint of judging each lecture as a detached essay on a selected topic of religious history, we get a far more favorable impression of the whole. As might have been expected from a series that seems to have been but little planned with reference to a central conception, the lecturers lay very different stresses on the varying aspects of their theme. The historical background is treated with needless fulness in the disproportionately long study on the religion of Greece. In the chapter on Buddhism it is the ethical correlates of religious belief that chiefly engage our attention. Ritual is considerably to the fore in the chapter on Roman religion; mythological conceptions would seem to have been the chief religious stock in trade of the Teutons; while the functions of the gods appear to be matters of prime importance in Babylon and in Egypt.

The most successful expository chapters in the book are probably the three devoted to the religions of India. Dr. Franklin Edgerton has in these succeeded particularly well in placing religious belief, ritual, and morality in their proper social setting; the historical perspective is clearly presented, yet without undue emphasis; and most gratifying of all, a discriminating sympathy is accorded modern Hinduism, too often dismissed in disparaging terms. Prof. Morris Jastrow gives us scholarly résumés of doctrine and cult in Babylonia and Assyria and of the spread of Islam. These two lectures, however, like perhaps the greater part of the volume, are informed by that cool, academic spirit of objectivity that often makes one wonder why the study of religion makes an appeal to the scholarly mind at all. It is only in two of the chapters that one feels, or almost feels, that such a study is animated by a genuine religious responsiveness, that to the subject of religion may be brought an emotional interest differing somewhat from the orderly scientific curiosity which it is customary to expend on paleoliths or the orbits of comets. Both Dr.

Montgomery in his lecture on the Hebrew religion and Dr. W. R. Newbold in his treatment of early Christianity do, for a few moments, take us out of the arid wastes of dogma and cult into the fresher atmosphere of intense spiritual experience. Only out of their pages does the psychology of religion curtsy, somewhat timidly, to the reader.

When we have laid by the book and allowed the whole phantasmagoria of gods, spirits, ethical abstractions, mystic dogmas, ritual observances, sacrifices, prayers, heavens, and hells to recede into the recesses out of which the University faculty had once again summoned them for the troubling of our peace of mind, we face a stubborn query. Why has religion survived? Why, more than a hundred years after the onslaughts of the French Enlightenment, does it still, in one form or another, kick a vigorous pair of heels? Why do even the most radical of us, who foresee the doom of capitalism, the disappearance of the political-economic state, the disintegration of the family, know in our heart of hearts that when in a light-hearted burst of scornful laughter we turn our back on religion, its ghost, smiling with an irony tempered by more than a touch of dogged good humor, is destined to meet us again at some crossroads ages hence? The persistence of religion cannot be altogether explained by the forces of cultural inertia, by the fetters of social tradition and institution, for its life has never been continuous. It has had as many rebirths as deaths. The glamor of ritual, the easy rationalization of the riddles of existence, the craving for an absolute sanction of an ethical code that would otherwise hang in the void—these and a hundred other contributing factors there are. We shall have to dig deeper for a securer base, into the dark soil of the psychology of the unconscious. As long as man is the prey of an indifferent cosmos and the prisoner confined within the walls of his own powerlessness, certain temperaments, rising in the might of their own generous resentment, will build themselves a splendid compensation and transform the ecstasy of despair into an austere passion of religious faith. These are the strong, less strong than those who can be happy in their despair. As for the rest, they are indifferent with the profound indifference of preoccupation. Or, in a burst of envy and fear, they ape those that have conquered despair.

EDWARD SAPIR.

Chateaubriand in America

L'EXOTISME AMÉRICAIN DANS L'ŒUVRE DE CHATEAUBRIAND. By Gilbert Chinard. Hachette, Paris; 4 f.

What makes this book important is that it deals with a contribution which the America of the colonial period made to French literature. For more than a century the freedom of American life and nature was the lure of European idealism. It was in vain that Baudelaire sought to temper the enthusiasm with the words:

O le pauvre amoureux des pays chimériques!
Faut-il le mettre aux fers, le jeter à la mer,
Ce matelot ivrogne, inventeur d'Amérique
Dont le mirage rend le gouffre plus amer?

Down to the present, despite definite and often cruel proofs to the contrary, America has remained to the European mind what it was to the youthful Chateaubriand—a "New Eden." How and under what circumstances Chateaubriand visited the United States, how although disappointed at first he pushed his journey into the "wilderness," and how with what he himself saw, imagined, and borrowed from other travelers he then returned home to write his works, all more or less tinged with American exotism, is the story of M. Chinard's book.

M. Chinard comes to his task well prepared. In two earlier volumes he has traced the growth in Europe of the fantastic ideal of the "noble savage" as he was thought to exist in the Americas. It was out of such stuff that the spirit of expansionism or—as it is called in literary parlance—romanticism was partly made; and Chateaubriand was one of its chief builders. "Etre Chateaubriand ou rien" was Victor Hugo's lofty but youthful ambition.

But, as M. Chinard shows, we must not assume that Chateaubriand's visit to America rests entirely on literary motives. Doubtless Ossian, Werther, and Rousseau were factors in making the temperamental Breton long for the primitive and uncontaminated. The "restless" sea was no stranger to him, brought up as he had been on its shores. He knew its "melancholy" as well as Loti did generations later. At the same time, Chateaubriand himself alleges that his voyage had a scientific aim:

Une idée me dominait, l'idée de passer aux Etats-Unis: il fallait un but utile à mon voyage; je me proposais de découvrir (ainsi que je l'ai dit dans ces "Mémoires" et dans plusieurs de mes ouvrages) le passage au nord-ouest de l'Amérique.

And in fact M. Chinard shows him consulting M. de Malherbes (the friend of our own Gou-

verneur Morris) in Paris, poring over maps, studying the flora and fauna of the Jardin des Plantes, and reading every conceivable book on the Northwest Passage. When we realize how ill fitted Chateaubriand was for any such ambitious plan, how foolish the plan itself was in any case, and how grotesque it becomes inasmuch as Chateaubriand never went beyond Niagara and possibly the lower waters of the Ohio, we get the full measure of the man. M. Chinard, who dwells on these details, might have stressed their significance more. Better than anything else, they show that "illusion" was the keynote of Chateaubriand's life as well as his works. This, of course, is typically romantic; wherein Chateaubriand's romanticism differs from that of others is on its expressive side—in the glowing and reverberant imagery in which he clothed his illusions. And here America furnished the background.

Chateaubriand passed five months in "the land of the free." As documents found by M. Chinard show, he landed in Baltimore on July 10, 1791. In the hope of seeing General Washington he at once hurried to Philadelphia and there suffered his first great disillusionment:

Our papers at home, he says, speak to us of the Romans of Boston and the tyrants of London. Moved by the same ardor, I asked . . . to see one of these famous Quakers, virtuous descendants of William Penn. Imagine my surprise when they told me that if I wished to be cheated all I had to do was to enter the shop of a Friend, and that if I was anxious to know to what extremes immorality and mercantilism could go they would show me the spectacle of one Quaker cheating another. . . . Thus, he concludes, each new day saw one of my fancies after the other vanish, *et cela me faisait grand mal.*

Fortunately not all of his experiences were so bitter. He himself was apparently treated with all honesty and consideration; and while the government never lent an attentive ear to his project of discovery, still he was received by Washington and let off with a gracious, "Well, well, young man"—which was as much as he deserved.

Chateaubriand went into the "wilderness" via Albany, the valley of the Mohawk, and the Genesee River. His guide, a Dutchman who spoke several Indian dialects, led him as far as Niagara. From here on his wanderings—for it is clear that gradually his journey lost its appointed aim—become vague and uncertain. In pages remarkable both for their penetration and their common sense, M. Chinard shows how tenuous is the claim of the traveler that he saw the Mississippi either along its southern course or at the spot

(described by Chateaubriand) where it is joined by the Ohio. In the latter case Chateaubriand took his landscape almost word for word from the American geographer Imlay ("A Topographical Description of the Western Territory of North America"); and as for the descent of the Mississippi, this is absolutely precluded by the difficulties of the enterprise at that early date, granting even that Chateaubriand had the time (which he had not) to undertake it. The most that we can assume is that our "discoverer" on leaving Niagara went south as far as Pittsburg, but that for his further descriptions he relied on written and oral sources, the greater part of which, thanks to the efforts of M. Bédier, Mr. Stathers, and M. Chinard—to mention only the more important names—are known.

In dealing with American exotism as revealed in Chateaubriand's literary work, M. Chinard's task is to make definite and precise what has long been recognized as a fact. Here again, and quite properly, M. Chinard is scholarly rather than literary: the reader is given detail rather than a complete picture. In general, the exotic appears: first, in certain of Chateaubriand's characters; second, in the "local color" or background; and third, in the author's own imagery so obviously enriched by his memories of our landscape. Sainte-Beuve called Chateaubriand an epicurean with a Catholic imagination. He himself once said: "Where Mme. de Staël sees perfectibility, I see Jesus." In any case he saw and felt far more than he reflected. And it needed but his return to Europe to make him convert his American impressions into sonorous phrase and gorgeous color, while the poet and the dreamer in him combined to create the quixotic types of Chactas, Atala, and René—the last of whom is the standard bearer of the *mal de siècle*. In spite of his voyage of discovery, this "sachem of romanticism" knew and depicted the real American Indian about as well as did Voltaire or Marmontel, or, indeed, Cooper!

But—and with this capital point of Chinard's we may conclude—it would be wrong to measure Chateaubriand by realistic standards. However romantic, he is never vague or formless; quite the contrary. Not unlike Keats, though in a different medium, he is primarily an artist; and Chateaubriand the artist constantly sought precision and concreteness of detail. It may be true that his descriptions are not always true to locality: we know that "crocodiles sailing on floating islands," "blue herons," and "pink flamingos" were never

found on the Mississippi; but in the sufficiency of our greater knowledge let us not forget that Chateaubriand found just such details in the authors he consulted, and that his descriptions not only fit but illuminate his theme. The interesting thing is, to translate Chinard's own words: 'In order that American exotism should produce its masterpiece, after the slow incubation of three centuries, it was necessary . . . that René should discover the New World.'

WILLIAM A. NITZE.

A Coward You Can Believe In

DRIFT. By Mary Aldis. Duffield; \$1.50.

Eileen Picardy, the main figure in this thoroughly interesting novel, is not a heroine I can promise you will like. But you are, I think, likely to pay her this more substantial tribute—of worrying about her, of feeling irritated with her, of wishing you might have had a hand in bringing her up, to the extent at least of intervening here or there and telling her a thing or two. And after you have read the last bitterly ironic paragraph and have caught the last glimpse of her that Mrs. Aldis vouchsafes—burning the letter of farewell to her husband and creeping back into a soft and comfortable bed, to a pillow wet with unavailing tears, the small pistol with its handle of mother of pearl replaced unused in the desk drawer—you will go on, for a while, thinking about her, trying to diagnose her case. An indication, it seems to me, that as a portrait this book has more than atmosphere and texture, has some really solid drawing.

She was a coward, of course, and of the most despicable sort that it is possible for a woman to be: she was afraid of love, of its pains and penalties. She had a baby—accidentally, one assumes—having spent the whole period of her pregnancy dreading her approaching travail. The child was born dead, and rather than risk the ordeal again she terminated her marital intimacy with her husband. She was recreant to her fundamental obligation therefore, false at the core, worthless. But she is too real to be dismissed like that. The sense persists that she had capacities, even for courage; that with a little better luck she might have come through—victoriously. The energy was there, the intelligence, the charm. Only, the main spring was never released. The mechanism, as they say of machine guns, jammed.

She is introduced to us a pleasing young or-

phan of nineteen, her mother having died giving birth to her, and her father a few years later in Brazil—or some such far off place. Her de facto parent is a Victorian grandaunt, a traditional old gentlewoman with a house on the north side of Washington Square. She brought up, also, Eileen's mother and has regretful and puzzled memories of the two unhappy years of that lady's married life. This is a subject Eileen is given to uneasy speculation about and one upon which her aunt does not enlighten her. "He overwhelmed her a little, perhaps he expected too much of her . . . asked her to be more than she was, and she just couldn't be."

Eileen rebelled at the insipidities of her first "season" and, having decided that settlements must be interesting, went to be a resident at Helena House. During the month she spent there she got a shock. She was in charge one evening, alone, when a young girl came to her in extremis, the pangs of childbirth already upon her; she told Eileen her story (she had been seduced by her stepfather and turned out of the house by her jealous mother, who nevertheless pretended to believe her husband's lying denials), and Eileen went with her to the hospital—saw her through, according to a promise, to the end. "Just get me out of this," the girl had screamed, "and I'll never let any man get at me again, s'help me Gawd!" That was the aspect of the thing that Eileen never forgot. Her spirit was, you may say, branded with it.

She gave up the settlement and went back to her aunt. She traveled abroad. She nearly fell in love with Robert Thorne, a breezy young Californian. Only she couldn't be sure she was sure of her feelings; she was afraid. So when it came to a question of telling him her decision by telegram, she could only wire, "Terribly sorry," and lost him. She tried studying art but soon abandoned that. She tried another love affair, and this one she allowed to carry her through into matrimony largely because—one runs the risk of doing a certain amount of injustice in a rough summarization like this—largely because her new lover was not very passionate; "considerate," rather. She made a half-hearted and wholly unsuccessful attempt to articulate herself into her husband's life—his business and so on. She made a tragic futile venture into maternity. After that her impulses fluttered faster and weaker, like a febrile pulse. She made a great social success, but this was rendered nugatory by a sense of frustration, by an abiding self-contempt.

When Robert Thorne turned up again and, seeing her unhappy, again made love to her, she thought she loved him; but the inhibition of fear settled upon her again and she lost him once more. A little later she came to the brink in another affair—less creditable this time, shabby, with a painter who was doing a portrait of her—came to the brink and went pelting back in a revulsion of panic and disgust . . . And all the while, there in the background, was her "considerate" husband, friendly, consolatory in times of trouble, but mostly unregarded. Such is the situation here, within thirty pages of the end of the book, the drama which it is written up to begin.

I don't disparage Mrs. Aldis's presentation of Eileen by calling it well done. It is better than a clever performance, or even than an honest performance—though it's both. Eileen has for me both real and romantic validity. I feel I know her at first hand, through what she says and does and thinks, rather than through what her author says about her. She's fresh and vivid and charming. I'm concerned for her, distressed that her life should come to so grievous a collapse.

I attribute that collapse—more than Mrs. Aldis seems to—to John Templeton, the husband. I don't like him. I don't believe in him. I'm not convinced about his violin-playing, nor about the ancestral silk mills for which he gave it up. I disbelieve utterly in his Margaret. This is not because Mrs. Aldis can't characterize a man. She has done it vividly in the cases of some of the minor characters in this book. But she has sacrificed John Templeton to that last thirty pages of drama.

That last thirty pages is, precisely it seems to me, a clever performance. What the book ends with is a curtain, a clever curtain, a—little-theatre curtain. Eileen slides down the ways truly into this dramatic situation. In that respect Mrs. Aldis has managed better than Meredith, attempting the same thing in "Diana of the Crossways." But poor John!

I like the way the story is told, the manners of it, the clear ring it has. I like the deliberate way in which the subsidiary story of Helen and her love is carried along. I like the minor characters: Aunt Emma, the Medways, Spencer Crockett, and Clara. And Eileen I shall not forget. I wonder what she did after that rather tricky curtain came down. I wonder what she's doing now.

HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER.

Earth the Unconquerable

TOPOGRAPHY AND STRATEGY IN THE WAR. By Douglas Wilson Johnson. Holt; \$1.75.

It goes without saying that one who would understand the great war must know one's maps, and know them thoroughly; and while political geography is important, physical geography and topography are even more so. It might be supposed by the layman that in these days when guns hurl high explosive shells with marvelous accuracy over lofty mountain ridges and across the widest river valleys, warfare has ceased to be greatly affected by the element of terrain. But this is by no means the case. Diligent and scientific study of the matter has, indeed, brought at least one of our foremost physiographers, Professor Johnson, to the conclusion that the rôle played by land forms "in plans of campaign and movements of armies is no less important today than in the past."

In the scholarly treatise under review Professor Johnson undertakes to explain with the precision of the scientist, yet in untechnical language, the effects of topography upon the campaigns in all the principal theatres of war, from the invasion of Belgium to the conquest of Rumania. Taking the great areas of combat one by one, he first portrays, with the aid of numerous drawings and pictures, the topographic features that would be likely to affect either offensive or defensive military operations, and follows with a running account of the campaigns that actually took place, carefully interpreted with reference to the land forms described. The descriptions are models of vivid presentation, and the narratives make up a summary of military operations which has value quite apart from the purpose which the author has primarily in view.

In the chapters on the western theatre of war topographic reasons for the invasion of Belgium are made perfectly clear. It is shown that while the terrain of eastern and northeastern France offers four great routes from Germany to Paris, three of these were impracticable under the conditions existing in August, 1914. Germany found herself simultaneously at war with three leading powers—Russia, France, and Great Britain—and, as every one knows, the plan of the Kaiser's strategists was that the German legions should drive swiftly to the heart of France and bring that country to its knees before Russia should have time to mobilize and become a pressing danger on the east. The route from the

middle Rhine country westward through the Belfort gateway, that along the Moselle trench by way of Luxemburg, and that from Cologne around the Ardennes past Aix-la-Chapelle were alike impossible, because they could not be traversed with the requisite speed. The sole reason why they could not be so traversed lay in topographic conditions, or in French fortifications which these conditions had made possible.

Only the route by way of the open Belgian plain—although it was longer than any of the others—could be made to yield the desired result; and the decision was to take it, in defiance of Belgian rights, the sacredness of treaties, and the sentiment of an outraged world. Hence it is literally true that "the violation of Belgian neutrality was predetermined by events which took place several million years ago"; that is, by the geological process which gave the rock layers of northeastern France their uniform downward slope toward the west, and left the Belgian territories flat and depressed almost to the level of the sea. Professor Johnson's incisive discussion brings the reader to the opinion which manifestly was held by the German General Staff in 1914; namely, that it was a question of either invading France through Belgium or of not successfully invading France at all.

In the east as in the west, the fortunes of combat closely followed terrain. When the Russians pushed their armies into the lake country of East Prussia they lost topographic advantage and suffered disaster, but when they fell back to the line of the Bobr and Narew marshes the pursuing Germans were summarily halted. Taking the eastern campaigns as a whole, however, the treachery which left great Russian armies, and eventually the whole of the Rumanian forces, without ammunition and other supplies was of more ultimate weight in determining the course of events than topography or anything else. How topographic advantages saved Serbia from Austrian subjugation until the situation was changed by Bulgaria's entrance into the war, is clearly brought out by Professor Johnson, as also the balance of topographic forces in the region of Saloniki which has so long precluded decisive action by either group of belligerents in that quarter. Better known but not less interesting is the topography of the Trentine and Isonzo fronts, described by the author in such a manner as to make the great Italian retreat of 1917 easily intelligible.

There has been much need of such a book as Professor Johnson has written, and no author

better qualified for the task could have been found. Professional physiographers may regret the treatise's brevity and its essentially popular nature. But scientific accuracy has at no point been sacrificed, and a longer, more technical work would fail utterly to serve the intelligent reading public as the present volume will serve it.

FREDERIC AUSTIN OGG.

Paper-Jacket Problems

POEMS: 1908-1914. By John Drinkwater. Dodd, Mead; \$1.25.

SONNETS OF SORROW AND TRIUMPH. By Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Doran; \$1.

WRAITHS AND REALITIES. By Cale Young Rice. Century; \$1.25.

SONGS OF HAFIZ. Translated by Edna Worthley Underwood. Four Seas; \$1.

PAVED STREETS. By Elias Lieberman. Cornhill; \$1.25.

It is becoming increasingly difficult for an advertiser to misrepresent his goods. Samuel Hopkins Adams and his energetic confreres on the New York "Tribune" have started a crusade that is forcing newspapers, boards of trade, rotary organizations, and chambers of commerce to make the laws concerning the marketing of merchandise more and more drastic. It is a statutory offense today to label a package "Pepper" that is fifty per cent. sand, to shortweight a householder on a can of Early June Peas, to swindle the least experienced purchaser in the matter of a box of dried prunes. Honesty in such matters has become not merely a policy but a legal necessity; one finds the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth on the wrappers containing candy, silver polish, hair tonic, cough drops, of everything in fact—except books.

Why the publishers of books are allowed to indulge in deceptive labels that would never be permitted a manufacturer of soap is something I can never understand. I have often passed from any store's grocery department to its book section and have been flabbergasted by the abrupt contrast; I have been amazed at the sudden and shameless change from scrupulous statements to fantastic exaggerations, from the carefully candid to the frankly fraudulent. I am not now concerned with the psychological reaction in the mind of the critic, the revulsion that always follows a plethora of superlatives. I speak simply of the way in which the casual and trusting reader is brazenly enticed, deceived, tempted, misinformed, and hornswoggled.

Take the first of this quintet. On the modest

gray jacket of Mr. Drinkwater's volume appears this far from modest summary:

The best poems of one of our leading modern poets. . . . These lyrics, exquisite in style and fine in feeling, are a notable contribution to literature. *They interpret the life of our own time.*

This patent misstatement can scarcely be excused on the ground of a publisher's enthusiasm. It requires something more than a flight of imagination to consider Mr. Drinkwater "one of our leading poets," even though some of the individual lyrics, while saturated with the old poetic rhetoric, are indisputably "fine in feeling." Not even the most elastic stretch of fancy could induce one to believe that "they interpret the life of our own time." A person looking for verse that really does interpret our age, and buying this volume on the guarantee of its cover, would feel that he had actually been cheated. If it is a crime to put benzoate of soda and cochineal into canned goods and cordials without so specifying, is it less of an offense to coax a none too critical public into the belief that it is buying a genuine "interpretation of our times" when it is actually getting a merely pretty estimate of a time that has gone? What we receive here is really no interpretation at all, but the breath of a resuscitated poetry from an almost forgotten past. It rises delicately out of lyrics like "Pierrot," "Roundels of the Year," "Dominion," "January Dusk." Or, at rare intervals, it attempts an older and ruder note, as in "The Feckenham Men" and "Wed," which begins:

I married him on Christmas morn,—
Ah woe betide, ah woe betide,
Folk said I was a comely bride,—
Ah me forlorn.

All braided was my golden hair,
And heavy then, and shining then,
My limbs were sweet to madden men,—
O cunning snare.

My beauty was a thing they say
Of large renown,—O dread renown,—
Its rumor travelled through the town,
Alas the day . . .

When the first copy of the short-lived venture "New Numbers" came from Gloucester, England, early in 1914, it was evident that something new was being attempted in a coöperative magazine. The war soon stopped it. But it did not need the war to reveal the incongruity of the quartet of poets that composed it. And John Drinkwater's water-color verses seemed doubly incongruous when they appeared sandwiched among the best work of Lascelles Abercrombie, W. W. Gibson, and Rupert Brooke. Here is a typical lyric:

LOVE

Lord of the host of deep desires
That spare no sting, yet are to me
Sole echo of the silver choirs
Whose swelling is eternity,

With all save thee my soul is pressed
In high dispute from day to day,
But, Love, at thy most high behest
I make no answer, and obey.

This is all of Drinkwater in substance. A suave grace, a well executed turn, a decent attention to form and finish, an oratorical gesture, and a pleasant musical vagueness: these are his. To suggest that these possessions make this young Englishman a whit better poet than a dozen contemporary Americans would be no more than foolish. But to maintain that they make him "one of our leading poets" and "interpret the life of our own time" is too much like a bad joke.

So with Mrs. Wilcox's volume. Those who know what to expect of the daily Ella Wheeler will not be disappointed. But those of the younger generation who, prowling about a bookstore for information, light upon the cover of her recent collection will be surprised to learn that it is not only "the finest thing Mrs. Wilcox has ever done" but that "it is not unworthy to stand beside the most famous sonnet sequence in all literature." After such a confident verdict it would be ungracious to enter critically on ground so holy, even though the cover expressly invites us with the assurance that "unlike so intensely an emotional poem, it stands the test of searching criticism." Here is an octave:

You were so wonderful with quiet faith;
Only the Saints and martyrs of the earth
Held such unalterable high thoughts of death,
As those which filled you from your hour of birth.

And when we were together, many a time,
We felt the Presences of Unseen Guests:
And you saw visions, mystical, sublime,
When forth your spirit went on astral quests . . .

The problem here is not to rate the present collection, but to decide with which of the famous sonnet sequences it should be placed. It brings up the pretty question of which is really "the most famous sonnet sequence in all literature"—Shakespeare's? Sidney's? Spenser's? Mrs. Browning's? Rossetti's? Meredith's? Well, no matter. Whichever one it is, Mrs. Wilcox's must be (and the author of her cover ought to know) not unworthy to stand beside it.

The man who planned the paper jacket of Mr. Rice's volume is more cautious. It was not he but the Los Angeles "Times" that said: "He [Cale Young Rice] is one of the supreme lyrists and one of the few remaining lovers of beauty

who write it." And yet the use of this honest superlative seems a bit injudicious. Mr. Rice is an undoubtedly able craftsman; he can fashion a lyric as well as Drinkwater, a sonnet almost as classic as Mrs. Wilcox's. His medium is almost always under his control. But when one is confronted with the statement that he is one of "the supreme lyrists," one is likely to approach Mr. Rice's most likable lyrics with an unusual suspicion. Mr. Rice's own preface rouses similar misgivings. In spite of his evidently secure position, he devotes several pages to a rather ill-natured attack on the "rhythmless, free-verse realism," on the "petty poetry magazines" in general and Miss Harriet Monroe and the much abused W. S. Braithwaite in particular. He attacks, with impartial inclusiveness, the "new movements"; but this does not deter him from trying to imitate them. Witness, for instance, "Insulation," with its strange blend of the Imagists and Edgar Lee Masters:

The telephone lines,
Etched by the lightning's needle
On the night plate of her window,
Seemed but as strands of a dream's phosphorescence
Flashed rippling to her out of the drench of the darkness.

Yet one of them was bearing,
Past her, thro the wet shimmer of the shower,
The sinuous words—her husband's to his mistress—
"Tonight, my passion-flower!"

Miss Underwood's cover delicately intimates that her volume should be popular, as "Hafiz was not known merely to the literary classes, but was and is the poet of the people and his songs may justly be called 'popular' poetry. This version has been prepared in a special effort to preserve the flavor and character of the original Persian." I am not versed in either the flavor or the character of Persian poetry in the original, but I suspect that it is not altogether like:

Bring back to my heart once more, though I
Gather the gossiping world's grudges thereby.

Bring Joy's fire back, which once should wild beasts
know,
The mighty forests would be leveled low.

Alone it frees from coil of change and time,
And for me opens the tent door divine.

Nor do I believe that it is a characteristic of Hafiz to use rhymes as haphazard as the English "thing—doubling," "me—grandly," "come—sun," "be—safely," "cruelly—surely," "thrown—comb." As for the book itself, it reads like a humorless parody of the "Rubaiyat"—as if someone had translated Fitzgerald's version into Japanese and then had it rendered back into English by a poet of the Richard Badger school.

Mr. Lieberman wins us—if with nothing else than with his cover, which is of a waxed and transparent nature. That being virginal of ink, one is compelled to read the book to see what it is about. And it is something of a disappointment to learn that it concerns itself so little with its promising title. Instead of genuine reflections from the alleys, avenues, or "paved streets," we have the kind of glib rhyming that rises infrequently to more hazardously sustained eloquence. For the greater part, the volume alternates between consciously occasional verses and lighter measures that are scarcely as nimble as their obvious models. The dexterity of Franklin P. Adams is years beyond Mr. Lieberman; he has still to achieve the far lower levels of Carolyn Wells, Thomas R. Ybarra, and Arthur Guiterman. The volume, in spite of its amiability and good intentions, is full of weak, meretricious, and even maudlin spots. But the cover, at least, is spotless.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

Passionate Puppets

NOCTURNE. By Frank Swinnerton. Doran; \$1.40.

In his pleasant introduction to this new novel by his friend Frank Swinnerton, H. G. Wells points out that here we encounter an art different in kind from his own. "It bores me to look at things unless there is also the idea of doing something with them." But Swinnerton "has no underlying motive. He sees and tells. His aim is the attainment of that beauty which comes with exquisite presentation." In other words, dealing though it does with rarely Cockney Londoners of the lower middle class, "Nocturne" has no purpose other than to give us that pleasure which can always be got from sheer beauty, that beauty which St. Thomas Aquinas defined as "id cuius ipsa apprehensio placet." What is more, Mr. Swinnerton succeeds in his aim, and criticism has left only to essay with clumsy fingers to turn the eye to details and harmonies not wholly obvious. Yes, and in this book's case, to give expression and so some easement, however vain, to those emotions which so tragic a masterpiece must inevitably evoke.

The genius of the author bites his subject hard and shakes it with so exhaustive an intensity that in these short 250 pages we feel that every nook and corner of its life has been searched out, and that after Jenny's last cry, "Keith . . . oh Keith! . . ." one more

shake would be rhetoric. The style has the invisibility of perfect glass, and unaware of it we see only the figures of these passionate puppets, outlined so deathly black against the crude gray of an unconscious universe.

The events of the story take place all in one night. A good part of the book is given to painting the doldrums of life in Kennington Park, a rather poor district of London. There the two sisters, Jenny working the day in a milliner's, Emmy doing the housework at home, companion their Pa Blanchard, a half imbecile wreck. A touch is given to the stagnant atmosphere by mention of Pa's pension, which emphasizes the impersonal and unadventurous quality of this too assured existence. Alf Rylett, whose hair is "of a common but unnamed colour, between brown and grey," aspires to keeping company with Jenny, the more vivid and less hobbled sister. A little whiff of air seems about to blow when Pa elicits from Alf news of a ten thousand dollar fire, only to evaporate at the knowledge that "the insurance companies are too wide to stand all the risk themselves. . . . It's a mere flea-bite to them." Thus a hopeful bigamy pans out at only "ten pound three and fourpence" and in the "train smash . . . nobody killed."

In order that fate, however abetted by industrial civilization, may alone take the responsibility, thus making the tragedy unavoidable and therefore more capable of beauty as well as easier to be endured, all the characters are made to partake, though some of them frugally, of our pitying love. The three men, each in his own way quite shamelessly self-seeking, are yet not to be blamed by us. Pa in his second childhood is too obviously down to admit of any judgment upon him; Keith, Jenny's sailor-lover, has weathered too many evil strokes; and even the calculating Alf will not desert his landlady, "because if anybody asked me if he should go there, I couldn't honestly recommend him to . . . and I shouldn't like to leave her in the lurch."

When the drudge Emmy has been fobbed off upon the disgruntled Alf and those remarkable lovers have left for the theatre, when Pa has been put to bed, Jenny sits alone staring at the clock. "'Wound up to go all day!' she thought, comparing the clock with herself." Here we have the final touch to that mechanistic horror which so completely involves all the characters depicted. Then comes the unexpected ring at the door, the apparent shattering of the hated web, the hours of bitter love upon the yacht,

and then the ride home with its realization of the "sequel to endure." The very word "sequel" is poignantly ironic. This is not because of the body of Pa stretched unconscious across the kitchen floor, still less because of possible repentance. The irony is that even in this passionate adventure our poor heroine was but a cog in the all-embracing mechanism, that there are in life such things as sequels—cogwheels that turn with cogwheels. Whether or not Jenny be lacerated, anyhow she is enslaved. In a world such as this we can only regard conscious existence with awe, and marvel at the ridiculous gallantry of living. This essential bitterness in life is seldom so clear as in the portrait of Jenny Blanchard. It is not only her eyes that flash and glitter in "the paltry gaslight." If to understand her position is to suffer for this fine and fiery soul, to think of her even by herself gives us pain: she is so keen that merely to conceive her character, as to grasp something that is all cutting edge, hurts our mind.

When alone in her room, in the anguish of self-reproach for Pa's misfortune and in the more lancinating anguish of her doubts of Keith's love and in the merciless knowledge that at any rate she has irretrievably consigned to him her freedom, she gently calls upon her lover, her voice is "barely audible"—audible, God knows, to us, but unheard, we fear unimagined, of Keith. How frail and expressive is this human cry in the huge mechanism of London. Outside the unlit chamber we fancy the dead revolving moon, so hideously alien to the human heart, so hideously at one with the unmeaning revolutions of the city's life in death. With Jenny, in her last broken grasp at the old way of seeing things, we too say, "What a life! Golly what a life!" But with another crunch the machinery takes her, and to annihilate Distance, Time, and Fate she throws herself upon the bed and buries her face in the pillow, there without the mocking audibility of her former cry, with its tragic suggestion of measure and so of inadequacy, to repeat again "Keith . . . oh Keith!" We also are pathetic figures; for in anguish of heart and vainly, O ludicrously, we see only this crumpled child and children ourselves, we strain our arms into and through the thin text seeking to embrace and cherish this unhappy girl—to give her such small comfort as it might be to her to know we comprehend and that, between her and "they," only she matters, and that a world in which she is not "right" is not itself "right" for any man with heart and head.

SCOFIELD THAYER.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS

SIMON SON OF MAN. By John I. Riegel and John H. Jordan. Sherman, French; \$1.50.

In this book the principles of Biblical criticism have run amuck. According to the authors, Christ is Simon Bar Gi'ora, Jewish patriot, whose historical record is written in Josephus. The New Testament is all cryptic, and properly understood, gives a graphic account of this Jewish war lord, led in triumph to Rome by Titus. In the gospel story of the triumph Jerusalem has been cryptically substituted for Rome. There is no regular system of cryptograms, but linguistic gyrations, translations, and substitutions—all the familiar methods utilized without a co-ordinating plan. The book is to be listed in the limbo of critical oddities with Cheyne's "Jerachmael" and Jensen's "Gilgamesh."

RAEMAEKERS' CARTOON HISTORY OF THE WAR. Vol. I. Century; \$1.50.

In America we have had, until recently, nothing beyond the labeled cartoon which consisted of certain pictorial forms eked out by a liberal use of explanatory texts, all mixed up with the drawing. This apology for drawing is more like a partly hieroglyphic language than a pictorial art. Strictly speaking there were in 1914 not ten cartoonists worthy of the name in the whole country. Then came the war and the influx of European cartoons. A little later came Raemaekers, and with him an amusing paradox. Though the supercartoonist of the day, he is not really a cartoonist; he is an artist. All the critics have dissected his art in praise and quarreled over the master qualities. He has appeared in Basque and Arabic, and the prices of various editions of his works range from \$100. to four cents. In view of all this, criticism seems altogether gratuitous. We may say that like any other great artist, Raemaekers's greatest asset is personality. It is his personality that chooses unerringly the subject matter, picks the pictorial forms to illustrate it, compresses the whole into an excellent composition, delights the cognoscenti with fine draftsmanship, avoids the stirring subject that is not pictorial, and brings these qualities in right proportion into all his works. Let us cite briefly an example. In a cartoon entitled "The Prisoners," Raemaekers has chosen a common subject; yet from the millions of possible forms, he has taken but three to illustrate it. He has filled his page with three men—three types to stand for the thousands of others. The men are huddled together in a common misery of mind and body, and Raemaekers has huddled his pencil strokes in such a manner that this message is supreme. His forceful draftsmanship does not

stop with lifelike representation. In the varied poses of the three heads we can easily read three different reactions to confinement. And lastly he has refrained from calling it "Thinking of Home." It is this escape from the obvious which gives us the final pleasure and assures his power for all time. Other men have used only a part of their personality on these points and have filled the gaps with an imitative substitute. Other men have made cartoons: Raemaekers has made history.

HOPE TRUEBLOOD. By Patience Worth. Communicated through Mrs. John H. Curran. Holt; \$1.50.

"Patience Worth" has become a voluminous author. She has dropped her pseudo-Elizabethan mannerisms and is now writing a "mid-Victorian novel by a pre-Victorian writer," as the editor assures us. Viewed as literature and by not too rigid a standard, this novel—like former works from the same "pen"—is not without interest and not without merit. Like the others it is a rather spontaneously mechanical, a fluently uninspired performance. Considered in terms of the manner of its composition, as a labored kind of automatic writing, it is a formidable effort. Just why the passion for writing, which in this case is genuine and justified by ability, should utilize a planchette or an automatic pencil rather than a stenographer and typewriter, is not an easy matter to decide. It is a mode of setting apart one's writing self from one's other, normally living and communicating self. Only Mrs. Curran can solve the mystery, and she is as Sphinx-like now as on her first appearance in the literary field. The disguise is thin; and any attempt to pose the product as a defiance of the laws of mental composition is misleading. Psychology admits the rare proportions of the undertaking, but finds no need to revise its sturdy principles by reason of Mrs. Curran's literary technique. If "Patience Worth" were disposed to write her literary confessions with absolute frankness, the illumination would be welcome and most interesting.

MODERN MAN AND HIS FORERUNNERS: A Short Study of the Human Species, Living and Extinct. By H. G. F. Spurrell. Macmillan; \$3.

Dr. Spurrell has nothing whatsoever to say and says it indifferently. Nearly half of his book is devoted to an exposition of man's zoological position, racial classification, and prehistoric culture. This section is avowedly sketchy, but even the merest outline should be without some of the misleading statements in which the author freely indulges. For example, since the best

authorities hold that the reindeer was domesticated about the time of the birth of Christ it is rather surprising to find the species represented as "according to some authorities" domesticated not less than seventy or a hundred thousand years ago (page 50)! Likewise the bland assumption that "various sections of the human species undoubtedly lost and rediscovered the horse repeatedly during the passage of ages" (page 55) utterly disregards the difficulty of breeding animals in captivity. Cheap speculation also characterizes Dr. Spurrell's attempts to limn the origins of society. All this however is merely the preamble to a lugubrious, dreary tirade about the decay of civilization. The author finds "no reason for claiming greater permanence for the present civilization . . . than has been shown by any of the great civilizations of the past"; but lest we perish in a slough of despondency he closes with the consolatory affirmation that on the subject matter of his book he is not pessimistic, but merely agnostic, and has not even a guess to offer. As might be expected, we encounter cheap and time-honored phrases about fundamental problems of the age. The socialistic masses are described as longing for "ease without effort, and the abasement of all of whom they are jealous." Democracy altogether is a failure. Abandonment of the national religion is "an attempt to gain freedom from moral restraints"; and the devout nonconformist is as much a symptom of decadence as the infidel. In short, the essay is simply the work of an ignorant and unintelligent apostle of reaction.

THE DIVINE COMEDY OF DANTE ALIGHIERI. Translated by Courtney Langdon. Vol. 1. The Inferno. Harvard University Press; \$2.50.

The homage of translation has been offered to Dante at least twice this year. Professor Langdon holds that verse is a more satisfactory medium than prose for retaining something of the fire and passion of the original, and that blank verse alone permits fidelity to letter and accent. The success of Longfellow's version and the rich promise of the present one would seem to justify the claim. The rather haughty tone of the preface may prejudice some readers; many will decline to accept Professor Langdon's strictures on his great predecessor. Why should "every new translation . . . call for a word of justification" or itself imply "a criticism whether expressed or not, of competitors already in the field"? And why competitors at all? The translation of any great master must always be an *Italiam fugientem* which will never cease to fascinate, but who shall claim to have reached the goal and thereby to have rendered further

attempts idle? Dante lovers will welcome every new tribute born of years of communion with the master, and all will agree that this new version maintains a high level of excellence throughout. It is sufficiently faithful to the word, although less literal than Longfellow. At times it is more happy; at others, less; and occasionally it adapts Longfellow's lines with little or no change. Only impertinence will say this is better than the earlier, as a whole. The following passage, chosen because of its familiarity, may serve to show Professor Langdon's manner:

And she to me: "There is no greater pain than to remember happy days in days of misery; and this thy Leader knows. But if to know the first root of our love so yearning a desire possesses thee, I'll do as one who weepeth while he speaks. One day, for pastime merely, we were reading of Lancelot, and how love o'erpowered him; alone we were, and free from all misgiving. Oft did that reading cause our eyes to meet, and often take the color from our faces; and yet one passage only overcame us."

Professor Langdon has placed the Italian text on the opposite page—on guard, as he puts it. Brief notes provide necessary explanation and point the significance of the poem for our time. The convenience of the general reader would perhaps have been better served had these notes been printed with the separate cantos instead of together at the beginning.

THE EARTHQUAKE. By Arthur Train. Scribner; \$1.50.

In this novel prosperous America is shown taking the war with a self-appreciative heroism that should destroy any lurking proletarian skepticism. Wives enduring with noble fortitude the shrinking of the family income from forty thousand to twenty-five thousand a year, husbands facing the incredible hardships of building their own fires, rollicking college boys turned into serious and responsible officers anxious about the immortal souls of themselves and their men, débutantes turning to the study of stenography—a world transformed, and acutely conscious of the nobility of that transformation. We were in a bad way, Mr. Train tells us, going in 1914 the historic corrupt way of the Roman Empire with our sexual irregularity and our wastefulness and our luxurious materialism. But now the war has changed all that. Eloquent chapters on the redemption of the garbage pail and on the salvation of the rich from the locust swarms of servants whom their fortunes were maintaining in idleness preach a lesson that make the book not only a chronicle but an evangel. Lyric heights are touched in the picture of the disappearance of classes and of the supremacy of wealth. We are all brothers now, and after

military life under our beneficent government the discontented classes will return with small patience for those agitators who took advantage of the undernourished condition of the poor to preach socialism and economic reform. Food and discipline will have made men out of proletarians. In contrast to those liberal hopes which see the return of the soldier as the beginning of a new progressive social reconstruction, Mr. Train is convinced that the American at least will come back with a new respect for conservative law and order, for the disciplined state, for the unified valor that makes nations powerful. That the prosperous will continue to lead the new day is shown in Mr. Train's naive picture of the process by which his broker-hero and lawyer and capitalist friends take over to themselves the conduct of the war. The note of sacrifice is thus rather vitiated. The men who pass from a desk in New York to a military-official desk in Washington, the idle women who suddenly burst into war work are exhibited in the act of having far too good a time. Mr. Train, as interpreter of the significant classes, cannot repress a subdued exultation at this new lease of life. Theirs is now again not only the power but the glory. War which destroys so many evil things has rubbed away their gathering tarnish. And it we are to believe Mr. Train, none know better than they the full moral effulgence of that result.

PROFIT SHARING. By Edwin F. Gay, Arthur W. Burritt, Henry S. Dennison, Ralph E. Heilman, and Henry P. Kendall. Harper; \$2.50.

The present wage system, especially that of time wages, is recognized by many as a poor makeshift at its best. The average man is as lazy as he dares to be and frequently his chief aim seems to be to do the least amount of work necessary to keep from being discharged or being reduced in pay. In a small plant the superintendent can look after the men; but as the plant grows and the number of men increases, it is increasingly difficult to gauge accurately the value of the various workmen. Guesswork or favoritism fixes the wages too many times. The piece-rate system which fixes wages according to output, when it can be applied, works out more justly; but there is an inevitable friction because the employer feels that he is paying too much and the employee that he is getting too little. This is especially true of industries that have not been thoroughly standardized and developed. The case becomes worse when the measurement of individual efficiency is impracticable. One way of overcoming these difficulties and promoting a direct interest on the part of the workman is that of profit sharing, which is described in this book

by two college professors and three experienced business men.

The essential feature of profit sharing is an agreement between an employer and his work-people under which the latter receive in addition to their wages a share, fixed beforehand, in the profits of the undertaking. In other words, the special payment received by employees is directly contingent upon the profits for a specified time, and varies directly with these profits, upon a pre-arranged basis. A bonus or a deferred wage payment, the amount of which has no direct relation to the profits earned, is not real profit sharing. To be successful, profit sharing must start with paying the full market rate of wages to participants; efficiency and coöperation cannot be obtained otherwise. Likewise the payments must be substantial, the plan should be definite, and the nature of the plan must vary with its purpose. The effect of profit sharing, as shown, is the elimination of waste, the promotion of stability of labor, and the elimination of strife. Organized labor seems to be opposed to profit sharing, but as a matter of fact it might be expected to operate more effectively in a unionized establishment than in any other; for the union scale practically standardizes wages and therefore, if profits are distributed in proportion to wages, there is practical equality both in wages and in participation in profits, so that envy and jealousy is diminished. Profit sharing is also effective in promoting efficiency among branch managers and has been tried with success in chain stores. The conclusion reached is that the effectiveness of profit sharing as an instrument for profit making is greatest among the higher group of employees and small groups of the rank and file. The book is an interesting and balanced presentation of one method of making the conventional distribution of profits more just and democratic.

ON THE THRESHOLD OF THE UNSEEN. By William F. Barrett. Introduction by James H. Hyslop. Dutton; \$2.50.

Is it accidental that the three distinguished English sponsors for unseen forces should be physicists, and thus not in their professional element in dealing with the evasive phenomena of abnormal mentality? Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir William Crookes, and Sir William Barrett have conferred the scientific prestige of their notable achievements upon a cause that more than any other has contributed to the obscurantism of latter days. It may be that in conceiving the forces of the mind too much after the manner of physical radiations escaping our sense, but none the less real, they were ready to assume the unreal because they were convinced of the reality of the effect. What they too lightly considered was the subtlety and complexity of the mechanism by which

the apparent reality assumed the plausibility of evidence. When the phenomena approached the physical, like the table-lifting of Paladino, they were nearer to their specialty but none the less inept, because physical apparatus does not cheat. It is true that Sir William cites Paladino with a certain disgust, because he will have no converse with paid mediums; but he seriously cites all the evidence of distinguished names who added to their distinction that of not discovering her palpable fraud, and he utterly ignores the character of her detection. He presents her as a medium, morally low, who cheated when she was detected and gave genuine spiritual messages when she was not. For it is not so much the irrelevancy of his speculations as his amazing blindness to the most elementary principles of evidence, his insensibility to the attitude that a scientific sense supposedly creates, which—in an otherwise able mind—paralyzes the reader. By the time the apologist presents the evidence for survival after death, even those who might approach this hypothesis with a favorable disposition must be so deeply impressed with the uncritical handling of the topic that they reach the threshold with shaken faith. After thirty years—for Sir William was one of the founders of the Society for Psychical Research in 1882—despite the many evidences of fraud and the progress of psychology, the same ground is covered in the same manner, with the same selection of obscure favorable cases, and no attempt is made to gain an insight into the realm as a whole. That is the logical tragedy of the volume.

CREDIT OF THE NATIONS. By J. Laurence Laughlin. Scribner; \$3.50.

This is one of the most important books on the war published this year. Of course, no single volume could adequately discuss the workings of credit in England, France, Germany, and the United States since 1914, and Mr. Laughlin does not pretend to have furnished a definitive analysis. But within the limits of his exposition the facts are presented clearly and illuminatingly. Charts and diagrams are frequently employed, and the exact methods of comparative statistics remove any possible vagueness from the generalizations. The lessons of French and British experience stand forth sharply for our own benefit and example in the arrangement of our war finance. And why not the experience of Germany? Because if one conclusion emerges unmistakably from Mr. Laughlin's study, it is that Germany, financially speaking, is bankrupt. Not merely is she now borrowing to pay off interest on earlier war indebtedness, but the so-called "pyramiding" of credit has reached such a point that without large indemnities it would seem

that the conclusion of the war will send the whole fragile structure tumbling to ruins.

So obvious is the reduction in the production of goods that he who runs can read the inevitable effect upon the basis of credit. It is impossible that the great mass of assets behind the demand liabilities should be liquid. Yet with steadily lessening production, the volume of demand liabilities is increasing. If the assets are not now liquid, then the solvency of credit has already gone. . . . So long as appearances are kept up by trading with a depreciated currency, the solvency of credit exists only on paper; economically, so far as a basis of exchangeable goods is concerned, the credit is not solvent even now.

What will Germany do when the day of accounting comes and five sixths of the present paper—useless so far as the needs of currency are concerned—has to be retired? How, if in the period before the war the German people staggered under a tax of \$800,000,000 a year, will they be able to meet a \$2,000,000,000 a year tax to pay off the interest alone of their militaristic adventure? The plain answer is that a peace "without victory" for Germany means financial ruin. Perhaps unconsciously, but none the less convincingly, Mr. Laughlin has supported the contention of those who say that the present economic and financial whip of the Allies over Germany—provided, of course, they employ it is a unit of strength—constitutes a weapon against which any temporary military advantage becomes trivial.

THE HAPPIEST TIME OF THEIR LIVES.

By Alice Duer Miller. Century; \$1.40.

Such a title should prepare one for insipidity in a novel. In this case, however, the suggestion seems inadequate. In her obvious moralizing about the materialism of New York's smart set, the author is unable to conceal a kind of naïve self-adulation in the presence of her own characters. She is clearly a bit fascinated by the evils she has set herself to punish and reform. And her treatment seldom goes beyond the baldest of exposition. She is limited by the tawdry externals which she would seem to deprecate. The characters are mainly figureheads with a few stock traits for purposes of differentiation. There is Matilde, the round-eyed young heroine, who finds all things "marvelous" and "wonderful"; the vampirish young mother of Matilde, who gloats over being subdued by her black-eyed, stern-lipped husband; the well-tailored grandfather, struggling to keep from being old-fashioned; and the colorless young hero, who originates all of the complication by falling in love with Matilde and arousing snobbish family objections which, after a deal of commonplace wrangling, are precipitately removed in the last chapters. The book has not even the tang of cleverness to relieve its banality.

NOTES ON NEW WAR BOOKS

If you have good wind, you will find it worth while to read consecutively three books by French officers which have recently been translated and published in this country. They are, in the order in which their perusal will give the most interesting effect, "Covered with Mud and Glory" (Small, Maynard; \$1.50), by Sergeant-Major Georges Lafond, "A Crusader of France" (Dutton; \$1.50), by Captain Ferdinand Belmont, and "Campaigns and Intervals" (Houghton Mifflin; \$1.50), by Lieutenant Jean Giraudoux.

"Covered with Mud and Glory" is a remarkably pure example of straight narrative of actual occurrences. Indeed so direct is the relation of the incidents chosen and so really Attic (or shall we not say French?) the sobriety of style that perhaps from a literary point of view this is, if not the best, at any rate the most interesting of the three books. Sergeant-Major Lafond was assigned as intelligence officer to a machine-gun section and served through several of the most important engagements of the war. These chapters, as could be guessed from the headings, which include "The Search for my Company," "A Reconnaissance in the Fog," "Days in Cantonment," are each a complete picture of some one of the ordinary experiences of life at the front. Although the style is always matter-of-fact and the events for the most part decidedly so, yet there are in this book one or two incidents of a pathos so authentic that one may perhaps be forgiven the use of what Sergeant-Major Lafond never allows himself, a somewhat fanciful simile. In the bare skies of this narrative, there do burst, if gravely and with measure, starshells of a truly poignant emotion.

"A Crusader of France" is of interest only as presenting an illustration in psychology. These letters, which Henry Bordeaux has prefaced with a characteristic essay in which his religious enthusiasm obscures the arguments, were written to the author's family and were published only after his death. We should not therefore cavil at the fatiguing repetitions, commonplaces, and lack of clarity. Yet even in this matter of style we have the right in an English translation to require at least English. "We are like others are elsewhere." "The village . . . has little suffered." These are two from a hundred such barbarisms. The author, despite the fact that his lack of imagination has made him a good deal of a prig and a snob, was a very conscientious and religious young man. The appalling aspect of his psychology is the manner in which he envisages war. He reminds us that "victories do not cost dear" to God, that in His "hands war is a docile instrument," and "that war

is one of God's great means of teaching a lesson." It is hard to understand why Captain Belmont, feeling so keenly the value of war and also perceiving so clearly as he did that this war was brought about by Germany, should not have fought in the ranks of those to whose initiative mankind owes a blessing so immense.

"The word 'little' is the only antidote that chaplains have been able to discover against the war. They say 'the little shell,' 'the little Crown Prince' "—this paragraph from Lieutenant Giraudoux's "Campaigns and Intervals" gratefully clears the atmosphere. Here is a book which even in translation retains the delicate aroma of Gallic wit and fancy. If we find the Intervals, in particular those exquisite "Portuguese Days," even finer than the Campaigns, well, so much the worse for war. The personality of the author dominates every sentence, the grim as well as the gay, and having read this book we understand still better why France must not die and indeed how absurd it is to fear that such a people as the French ever could die.

Mr. Masfield's "The Old Front Line" (Macmillan; \$1.) written several months ago, has since become for us an even more tragic book than when first published. For the Front Line in question is that of the Allies before the Battle of the Somme and of that battle Mr. Masfield says, "It first gave the enemy the knowledge that he was beaten." Today, however, we see the Germans have, for the moment, caught from their English cousins the provoking malady of ignorance as to that very fact.

Despite the terrible significance of these trenches which, cut as they are in chalky soil and flanked with bleached sandbags, gash like festering wounds the ruined countryside, yet a more considerable genius than that of Mr. Masfield would be required sufficiently to diversify so complete and non-selective an account of scenes not obviously dissimilar. Not only does our interest now and then flag, but also our attention, despite the best will in the world, wanders. There are pages which read too much like a Baedacker of our own flatter states. The author was quite aware of this and, speaking of the Front Line, himself says, "It is a difficult thing to describe without monotony, for it varies so little." Yes, and in those places which even to describe is monotonous, the soldier's life must indeed be maddeningly desiccated. As breeding-grounds of insanity these trenches must outdo what we have hitherto been taught to regard as the very worst of environments, those isolated farms of our own Vermont. What a strange and to us peculiarly pathetic contrast between the hideous dugouts of our Allies and the order and comfort and luxury of those subterranean apartments which after that victory on the

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Somme were laid open to our sight. Wainscotting and cretonne curtains sound like a bit of "The Arabian Nights" in this monstrous desert land. It is good to know that the masters of this thaumaturgy were there proven not invincible. As in the three French books, so here too, we are surprised to find how much of the tactics of trench warfare the French and English had to learn from their adversaries. Thanks to the Battle of the Somme we know that lesson was well learned.

When the subject-matter gives Mr. Masfield an opportunity for the exercise of his remarkable talent for vivid and poetical description, he does not disappoint us. He thus describes the crater of a mine sprung by the English on the first morning of the Battle of the Somme:

It is like the crater of a volcano, vast, ragged, and irregular, about one hundred and fifty yards long, one hundred yards across, and twenty-five yards deep. It is crusted and scabbed with yellowish tetter, like sulphur or the rancid fat on meat. The inside has rather the look of meat, for it is reddish and all streaked and scabbed with this pox and with discoloured chalk. A lot of it trickles and oozes like sores discharging pus, and this liquid gathers in holes near the bottom, and is greenish and foul and has the look of dead eyes looking upward.

We who read Mr. Masfield's "August 1914," probably the most profoundly beautiful poem this war has occasioned, reading these prose descriptions cannot but wish that he had devoted the time such a book as this must have absorbed—requiring as it did so minute an examination of the terrain and so painstaking an alignment of dead facts—to the evocation in verse of the essential reality of No Man's Land. That would indeed have been an awful pendent to the Berkshire downs of "August 1914." Yet perhaps our poet knows himself not adapted to so different an undertaking. For Mr. Masfield is too English not to be more at home among the warm material habitants of a Berkshire down than among the bleak geometrical nudities of the modern battle-field. Some things must be left for our Cubist poets.

Something of the dreamlike strangeness of the moving of ten thousand men through the wastes of East Africa Captain Francis Brett Young has set down in his narrative "Marching on Tanga" (Dutton; \$1.50). Harried though he must have been as officer-doctor, dealing for the most part with native troops, confronted with brutal toiling in heat and dust, with fever, and sudden death of man and beast, he has yet subjected his experience to the literary Man's joy of detached observation. He has moments which might have emanated from the consciousness of a W. H. Hudson, mirroring the "country without a soul" through which the British forces passed, with all its desolation of strangely calling birds and dread-

ful thirst. Throughout, too, there remains distinct a picture of the tactical movement of the campaign down the poisonous Pangani river valley and of the dominance of the seldom seen General Smuts. Certain chapters, as of his flight through the bush for a night and a day with fifteen of his men, most of them wounded, from pursuing German askaris, are fleet and terse in narration. Emphatically the book is not pretentiously "literary." Captain Young smelled blood and iodine and says so. But neither has professional soldiering in him submerged the thinking and observing man.

In retrospect Constantinople stands as the supreme blunder, the great "what might have been" of the war. If the Dardanelles expedition had been carried to success and the Allied line thrown as a barrier across the entrance to the Balkans, history would have assumed a far different aspect. Dr. Stuermer, who was the German correspondent of the "Kölnischer Zeitung" in Constantinople in 1915-6, and Mr. Einstein, who was the special agent at the American Embassy in Constantinople in 1915, enlighten us in their two books, "Two War Years in Constantinople" (Doran; \$1.50) and "Inside Constantinople" (Dutton; \$1.50), as to the methods used in spreading German control. Dr. Stuermer, who had served with the German army in the first campaign against Russia, was converted by what he saw in Constantinople. He has definitely renounced his allegiance to Germany and cast his lot with those nations that have some respect for the sanctity of human and national relations. He blames Germany in detail for the Armenian massacres, and for every variety of cruelty and debauched intrigue that was Turkish in execution and Teutonic in responsibility. The editors of the English "Saturday Review," at present reported to be ogling Turkey, might read these two books with profit. The combination of Oriental despotism and low-grade looting and blackmail with the deliberate terrorism of the military cliques, as here revealed, out-Belgiums Belgium. Mr. Einstein's narrative is in the form of a diary from April to September 1915, and by that fact acquires an authenticity that shows the reactions of the moment. The knowledge of Teutonic duplicity is explicit from the start; and if the account of Wagenheim, the German Ambassador, to Garroni, his Italian colleague, of what went on in Potsdam in early July, 1914 had actually been reported at the time, it is barely possible that the spark would have shown where the explosion was to take place in time to prepare for the catastrophe. The diary is simple and convincing, likewise intimate enough to convey the impression of what goes on behind the scenes. Lying is the commonest and the least of the mechanisms of Oriental diplomacy. There is

nothing very complex about a moral code that would ensure a decent life; the actual code of intrigue and treachery is far more complex, and doubtless to those that like it more exciting. To anyone interested in the psychology of deceit (no less than of the barbarism which in this instance was its issue) the account of war days in Constantinople is an indispensable document. The story appears in both the books.

Mr. Gerard brought to his opportunities for observation a homely American attitude. In "Face to Face with Kaiserism" (Doran; \$2.) he continues his story, begun in his earlier book, down to the time of his coming home, including a comment upon the German propaganda in this country. Yet apart from the records of his intimate contact with the Kaiser and the powers behind the throne, there is really little in the volume that adds to what we already know any further understanding of Germany's attitude upon and after America's entry into the war. Common knowledge is, so to speak, underscored and put in the easy vernacular. All is fish for his net, from the detailed method of partridge and rabbit shooting on the preserves which the American Ambassador leased near Berlin and the personal characteristics of the all highest and next of kin, to the discovery of Bloch's famous predictions, already long familiar to the most casual students of European militarism. There is a rather charming quality of intellectual naïveté in the volume—a quality which will make it a friendly book to our public. Mr. Gerard's compilation includes a portion of the Ambassador's diary during the eventful days of 1916. Also, of course, an account of the effect of Mr. Gerard's earlier revelations in Germany and of the denial of the authenticity of the Kaiser's telegram to President Wilson, followed by Germany's lame explanation. It is perhaps thankless to observe that a more profound student of diplomacy and statecraft would have made far more of his opportunities and would have written a more significant contribution to the interpretation of our relations with Germany. For the merit of Mr. Gerard's book is its innocence and freshness of point of view, its straight-from-the-shoulder Americanism. There is in it none of the frock-coat European tradition.

The Dawson family constitutes a singularly satisfactory literary partnership. The son, gone to war, writes letters home which are duly published as a message of "Carry On" (Lane; \$1.). The father, at the suggestion of his son, writes out how it feels to be "The Father of a Soldier" (Lane; \$1.). The son, wounded and home for convalescence, follows the suggestion of his father and writes "The Glory of the Trenches" (Lane; \$1.), or how it feels to be a soldier. The father writes a preface to his son's

book, and the son allows a letter of his to be printed as the preface of his father's message. From the latter book we learn a great deal about Lieut. Coningsby and the rest of the family, and from the lieutenant's book we get intimate personal touches of the father. In fact the reader becomes so fascinated in following the reciprocal literary influences that the matter of the books is almost ignored. It is enough to say that in general this material is what has got to be said to produce the effect of "comfort and cheer," and be "vital and inspiring" on the subject of war. If such reactions did not exist trembling on the edge of the Dawson pen, they would have to be invented. The son, with the man who "previous to the war had cramped his soul with littleness and was chased by the bayonet of duty into the bloodstained largeness of the trenches," has learned to say "thank God for this war." The father has "ceased to be acutely conscious of its horror," and has "become more conscious of the spiritual grandeur of War." His son returns from the horror, "completely normal" with an "absolute tranquillity of spirit." "His happiness sprang from within, from the deep fountain of a hidden peace." For such minds, of course, nothing can be done. It is not a question of their sincerity. The chief value of such books lies in their illustration of the profound adjustability of the human spirit to the manipulation of events. Provided the experience is fashionable enough, there seems to be no ultimate into which justification and consolation cannot penetrate. To compare the smooth complacency of the Dawsons with the actuality of the wholesale slaughter and ruin to which they are reacting is merely to feel anew the marvel of human flexibility. One longs for a world where heroism should mean the ability not to endure.

Abbé Felix Klein is one of those whose God never betrays them. In his service as chaplain of the American Ambulance he saw broken bodies and held converse with tortured spirits. The first part of his book "Les Douleurs Qui Espèrent" (Perrin, Paris) is in sort a model of solace. The letters he wrote to widows and orphans, to mothers who had lost their sons, his communion with dying men, lit with ritual and prayer, he tells about in a number of short sketches designed to hearten those on whom the war has brought similar sorrow and trial. In these pages there are moments when the great passions of the Bible become identic with those of sufferers in war hospitals and of bereaved people. But they are moments only, in which myths and doctrines are used to transcend human suffering. In the second part of the book, devoted to reflections, Abbé Klein rises from the case to the theorem. He theologizes

and as he does so stands revealed as a type of churchly mind, one which dared not disbelieve in the hereafter because present sacrifice would then be too vain, which dares not disbelieve in God because the world would be too inhospitable without His superhuman justice. The logic of Abbé Klein's faith is familiar doctrine. We find the well worn Catholic insistence on the immutable laws of morality which demand large families to the ultimate end that the state may be powerful. There is glorification of sacrifice and suffering. His logic and reasoning may comfort believers. But the general reader will find Abbé Klein most sympathetic in the letters he reprints and in the account of his human relations, in which he explores with some delicacy the dark and hideous suffering that arises.

As Arthur Guy Empey suggests it may, his book "First Call" (Putnam; \$1.50) seems a "Hungarian goulash of information" and bears the marks of hasty writing during his lecture tours. It wanders from a chapter of comfort for mothers to cautions for the raw recruit, chapters of advice which a seasoned veteran might pass on to a new comrade, instructions as to gas masks, machine guns, trench raids, and many of the tricks of living in war. Occasionally there is a vivid illustrative incident told with the fidelity to detail which helped to give Mr. Empey's first book its vogue. Especially poignant is the story of the Canadian, dying in a cot next to the author's, waking after ether to the horrible discovery that he has been blinded. It is the best of a number of stories in a chapter called "Smokes," which show men wounded and dying, asking first of all for the solace of a cigarette. Another well done bit is the unspoken soliloquy of a soldier on a trench raid, up to the time stretcher bearers hear his moans and come to get him. To many readers much of the information in this volume will seem superfluous, but the greater portion is devoted to hints for the casual and unlearned soldier who can benefit only by clearly phrased advice from a man to whom war and soldiering have been a business to be learned like any other. For the sake of this businesslike quality one can forgive some of Mr. Empey's excursions into exhortation.

The post of healer in this war may be as difficult and as dangerous as the post of fighter. It certainly affords great opportunity for insight into the lives of the fighters, and for as understanding and as sympathetic an author as Madame Huard—who has now written her second war book, "My Home in the Field of Mercy" (Doran; \$1.35)—the situation is full of all the subtle elements that make life and the French what they are. Madame Huard lost no time after the German retreat in converting her château near Soissons into a much needed

hospital, where she herself, nine orderlies, one doctor, and her friend Madame Guix at one time cared for one hundred and twenty typhoid patients. Madame Huard, without coveting sensation, has the spirit of a true adventurer; she is a hard worker, and an artist as well. Her book is not a unit, but a chapter that her experience is constantly supplementing. In spite of its fragmentary character it forms, perhaps, one of the few pieces of literature that have so far proceeded from the war.

"Over Periscope Pond," by Esther Sayles Root and Marjorie Crocker (Houghton Mifflin; \$1.50), reflects the less serious side of war as it was seen in Paris by two American civilian relief workers. The fact is that although the authors realized quite as keenly as anyone the serious side of the business with which their work dealt, the letters of which the book is composed probably offered a welcome way of escape from the daily round. It is not quite fair to them or to the other Americans who are doing hard work in Paris to have reflected here only the off-hours and vacations of the pair. Take this into account, and you will get a fair amount of amusement from these informal and very charming letters.

Dr. Malcolm C. Grow, author of "Surgeon Grow" (Stokes; \$1.50), was one of the first American doctors in Russia; he was on the eastern front during the gruelling months of the shortage of ammunition; he was there during Brusiloff's great drive; and he returned there from a brief visit to America after the revolution had been accomplished. Some of his pictures of the Russian nights filled with noise and slaughter and unceasing work for the surgeons, of the simple kindly soldiers, of that bull-voiced old Colonel of the artillery who kept his victrola going beside his guns and had his two cows follow the batteries because he liked milk in his tea—these help his volume to emerge above the general mass of war books. The incidents of his two years in Russia are told with simplicity and without self-consciousness. More, he has something to tell.

The second edition of Mabel T. Boardman's "Under the Red Cross Flag" (Lippincott; \$1.75) synchronizes with the publication throughout the country of the achievements of the Red Cross during America's first year of war. Here is the history of the growing movement in war relief work from the wars of the Hebrews up. And although the field from the time of Homer to the time of Florence Nightingale is covered in one chapter, the story of the precursors of our Red Cross nurses is as interesting as the diversified accounts of recent work with which we are more familiar. It is a very comprehensive and orderly volume.

CASUAL COMMENT

DEMOCRACY IS NOT CONFINING ALL ITS triumphs to the field of politics. Its spirit is insinuating itself even into the rigid social distinctions of our universities. Seventeen girls of the University of Wisconsin have recently resigned from their respective sororities—Delta Gamma, Kappa Kappa Gamma, Kappa Alpha Theta, and Gamma Phi Beta. Their reasons for this courageous action are straightforward and compelling, and, we feel, should be given all the publicity obtainable. They state: first, that as women now have an established place in college affairs, the sorority's original function of facilitating unified action among the women of the college is obsolete; second, that qualification for entrance is entirely artificial and undefined; third, that the "rushing" system is unwholesome, pernicious, and undemocratic; fourth, that the great expenditure of money on trivialities is unwarranted, especially at such a time as this; fifth, that the women of the university, both sorority and non-sorority, would have a broader scope of friendship and a freer opportunity for development if social Greek-letter societies were abolished; and finally, that a caste system is projected from college out into the alumnae population of the country which is detrimental to those who are not fraternity women, and which is distasteful to the true American spirit. These reasons, of course, are not the whole of the argument, but they do present an exceptionally strong case. Nor have these independent young women ignored the problem of what is to take the sorority's place. They urge dormitories for the first two years in college, and voluntary groups, with less control than is necessary under the fraternity scheme, for Juniors and Seniors. It is the beginning of a probably nation-wide movement.

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RUSSIA-BAITING, THE FAVORITE SPORT NOW—adays of polite newspapers and polite society, has been extended to include even Russian literature. Professor Paul Shorey of the University of Chicago, who has distinguished himself by his uninspired studies of the classics, recently contributed to the gaiety of nations by an address to the American Medico-Psychological Association in the course of which he brought forth these intellectual brilliants: "Tolstoi, if not insane, has been a prolific cause of insanity in others"; when Jane Addams, Justice Brandeis, Henry Newbolt, Max Eastman, or Rebecca West misapply the texts of Euripides, "they are not renewing their Greek studies but merely hoisting their flag" (need we explain that Professor Shorey refers to the flag of Bolshevism?); the study of Russian literature is already "im-

pairing the sobriety of American opinion." We agree that whatever study Professor Shorey has vouchsafed to Russian literature has certainly "impaired" his power of literary criticism. And we might add that to identify Justice Brandeis as a Bolshevik indicates a serious impairment of Professor Shorey's "sobriety of opinion." The fact is of course that this ill-tempered and silly attack on Russian literature is nothing but a by-product of the disappointment caused by Russia's withdrawal from the war. It is a case of nerves—exactly as, upon the outbreak of the war, the German professors' sudden discovery of the baseness and lack of imagination and taste in English and French literature was a case of nerves. It is unpleasant to watch certain American professors naively and unconsciously imitating their former German colleagues. For the psychological process is identical. If Italy should abandon the cause of the Allies, one can picture the speedy attacks on the later decadent poets of Florence and Rome. Or if Russia should return strong and self-confident to the struggle, one can already see Professor Shorey discovering the sturdy literary virtues of Chekhov and Artzibashef.

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NOTHING COULD BE MORE DISASTROUS FOR that mutual understanding between associated peoples which is imperative if we are to win the war and organize the fruits of victory into an enduring peace, than the attempts of Samuel Gompers to make the members of the American Federation of Labor at the St. Paul convention believe that the conflict of opinion between American and British labor regarding "conversations" with the laborites of Germany is nothing but a question of loyalty. This, it seems to us, is a downright insult to British, French, and Italian labor, who for three long and exhausting years before we entered the war fought for us and died for us. After all, does it lie in our mouth to presume to dictate to them on the subject of what constitutes loyalty to the Allied cause—to give them lessons in patriotism? This is a question which has no relation whatever to the merits or demerits of the specific proposal; it is a question of our fairness in reporting the attitude of a large and highly organized section of our cobelligerents. Let us reverse the situation. Let us suppose that we had fought for three years, suffering all things and enduring all things—how should we then consider it if we should be told by a group, which had so far done little except to profit by our sufferings, that we were succumbing to the insidious propaganda of the enemy? But it is precisely this and nothing else that the misguided press of this country seems to be trying to make American public opinion believe with respect to Allied labor, and we shall be fortunate if this misrepresentation does not

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create a gulf of resentment between the two sections of the Allied world that can least of all afford to quarrel. Arthur Henderson is seriously represented as something akin to a pro-German. Even more incredible is the fact that the programme of the British Labor party, the most uncompromising programme based on victory ever written or proposed, is soberly and deliberately called "pacific." It would seem that misrepresentation or misunderstanding could go no further. And unpleasant as it is to write, the serious danger to our cause makes it our duty to record the plain truth that the delegates of the American Labor Mission abroad, especially in France, did not make a wholly satisfactory impression. After all, if the policy of the French Socialists and trade unionists was in favor of "conversations" with German laborites—following the programme announced by the British Labor party—ordinary courtesy should have indicated that the most graceful thing our delegates could do would be to hear the proposal and quietly to disagree—not to read a moral lecture to those from whom we should learn with deep humility. We cannot afford, by this kind of ill considered blundering, to alienate the French or Italian or English working classes, or even small sections of them, from our purposes in this war. Yet already the press of the French labor parties is commenting with wonder and disappointment on the naïveté of the American delegates and on their extreme "bitter-end" speeches. "The People" asks: "If American trade unionists are so militarist and jusqu'aboutiste as this, what must the others be?" The more sophisticated and intellectually more alert French trade unionists did not fail to observe that in ideas and policy the American delegates were about forty years behind the times—"about where English and French trade unionists were in 1880," as an observer in Paris recently wrote us; and although it is expressed tactfully and courteously, the French trade unionists did not wholly relish the "official" character of the delegation and its mechanical, cut-and-dried programme, which bore all the appearance of having been arranged in advance.

The only purpose in referring to these rather unflattering facts is to assist in bringing about that unity of political aim among the Allies and ourselves without which the task of defeating Germany's political objects in this war will be made unnecessarily difficult. That unity is certain to come in time, but its approach is slow and is constantly being blocked by just the type of misunderstanding and misrepresentation of which this conflict of opinion over the advisability of "conversing" with German labor is an excellent example. Surely at this late day it ought not to be necessary to point out that the only object of French, Italian, and British labor

in the proposed conference is educative. Mr. Gompers's two objections are trivial. The first is that the conference would be dominated by the shrewder German delegates—which is practically saying that they could out-argue and out-strategy the Allied delegates. We think more highly of the ability of Allied labor than Mr. Gompers does. It is much more likely that German labor would be forced to acknowledge the justice of their opponents' position. The second objection is even less worthy of consideration: all questions of war and peace should be left to governments and to official bodies. But in that case, why did Mr. Gompers send a delegation to Allied labor at all? Why did he not argue that our State Department and the state departments of our cobelligerents should settle all details for effective waging of the war themselves? Furthermore, there is no intention, in the proposal, to usurp the functions of government. In fact it is largely because Allied labor is optimistic enough to think that German labor might bring pressure on its government that the conference is proposed. It has never been a question of negotiations, but of "conversations" merely. Allied labor feels that German labor does not know what the war aims of the workers in the enemy countries are, and that if it did, it would force its own government to practical agreement—in other words, help us win the war by capitalizing discontent in Germany. When we consider the proposal seriously we know that only one of two things could happen: first, either Allied labor would convert German labor, in which case we should be so much to the good; or second, German labor would prove itself stubborn and irreconcilable, in which case Allied labor could return—and most assuredly would return—and with a clear conscience support the respective Allied governments in their more effective waging of the war, an eventuality which would also be so much to the good. It really is difficult to see just where the danger or the "trap" lies. Behind the proposal may of course be a mistaken or foolishly optimistic idea, but it seems the height of folly to characterize it as being in any sense "pacific." It is just because Allied laborites intend to fight forever rather than submit to an imperialistic peace that they desire this conference. They want to tell German labor precisely that. They feel it would bring results.

We are inexperienced and naïve in international politics; we are likely to offend when we do not mean to do so. With the best intentions, yet with the deepest ignorance, the autocratic leaders of the American Federation of Labor are pursuing a course which tends to disrupt and disintegrate the world of Allied labor. If persisted in it will seriously hamper President Wilson in his attempts to put through a liberal international programme.

BRIEFER MENTION

In "The Experience of God in Modern Life" (Scribner; \$1.) Eugene W. Lyman ably comes to the rescue of God and camouflages him as "Eternal Creative Good Will." The three great needs of modern life—development of personality, social progress, and cosmic evolution—are met in this experience of God. The consciousness of co-working with an Eternal Creative Good Will is the modern equivalent of the prophetic and filial consciousness of Christ, and the author rightly assumes it to have social value in an evolutionary and democratic age. Incidentally, this book, with its thoughtful use of modern scientific method, perspicuously unravels Mr. Wells's fibrous deity.

A Scottish parson became a chaplain and felt the thrill of helpful contact with real men. This experience made him wonder why the average mass of humanity, called the common people and personified by him as "Tommy," does not take kindly to the church. The Rev. A. H. Gray, in "As Tommy Sees Us" (Longmans, Green; \$1.), speculates as to whether it is the minister, the church, or the hymns; he half accuses, half justifies the first two and jumps hard on the last. It seems to him, near the end of the book, that the conflict between God and Mammon has been patched up in some corners of the ecclesiastical world. At this point he touches the real situation—the social problem. A deeper study of this problem would probably help him to understand why Tommy gives the cloth a wide berth.

Mr. H. Gordon Selfridge, the American merchant of London, has magnified his calling and given to the world in his "The Romance of Commerce" (Lane; \$3.) an interesting and striking account of the development of commerce from the earliest times. Commerce and civilization have developed together, for men do not exchange goods merely. The ship that carries out wares brings back not only material things but new ideas, customs, languages, and even religions. The story of Venice, Genoa, and Florence, the Fuggers of Augsburg, early English commerce and the guilds, the East India Company, the Hudson Bay Company, of such merchants as Child, Patterson, and Peel—all is vividly told. The close relation between trade and the English aristocracy is clearly revealed in the citation of the many founders of noted families who were originally merchants. Numerous curious facts concerning commercial life and usage in the past, and concerning individual merchants, have been gathered together, and where they were doubtful have been presented for what they were worth in throwing some light on a personage or period. In the final chapter there is an exposition of the management and scientific arrangement of a modern store. Primarily valuable to the student of economic history, the book has authentic general interest.

Teachers of economics often find that their students have exceedingly vague notions concerning the actual industrial and business world in which they live. Dr. Henry C. Adams in his "Description of Industry" (Holt; \$1.25) has attempted to provide an adequate historical and descriptive background

for the beginner. It is really curious however that Dr. Adams has found it necessary to employ so much economic theory in his task of exposition. Yet economics is a science and not a branch of polite literature—in fact the student in the university who has had a smattering of economics in the high school is usually the poorest student in the class. Is this not sometimes the result of science's being so simplified as to make impossible any understanding of the difficulties? Dr. Adams has avoided this danger. The general theory of value includes, for example, the value of money—which cannot be explained in a paragraph. The author has avoided the twin difficulties of presenting too many subjects and thus producing a treatise, and of presenting too few and thus becoming superficial. Especially clear and helpful are the chapters on the classification of industries and the legal framework of industry.

"Illustrations of Chaucer's England" (Longmans, \$2.50) proves to be a collection of extracts from English chronicles and other documents, chiefly of the fourteenth century. The materials have been chosen and edited by Miss Dorothy Hughes under the supervision, apparently, of Professor A. F. Pollard of the University of London. The purpose of the work (and of the series which this volume inaugurates) is to remove some of the difficulties that beset the student who wishes to form a closer acquaintance with the historical sources of a given period. The editor has done her work with care and discrimination, and students of medieval English literature and the social sciences are sure to find her volume very helpful.

The reader looking for a guide to fortune out of a few acres of land will find little encouragement from "The New Business of Farming," by Julian A. Dimock (Stokes; \$1.). Sound sense is the pervading temper of the various chapters, which treat of such subjects as the capital necessary for profitable farming, rotation of crops, prices, and live stock. The law of diminishing returns is well brought out in connection with the differences between large crops and normal crops. The experience of the author as a practical farmer gives point and value to the subjects treated.

Although Hugh Findlay seems in his opening chapters a little doubtful as to just what audience he is addressing in his "Practical Gardening" (Appleton; \$2.), he recovers as soon as he has decided to talk to the "back yard" gardener and produces a very practical handbook. It includes many tables and illustrations of value to the amateur who is anxious to make the most out of a limited space, and an interesting chapter on the possibilities of community gardening.

The Macmillan Co. have issued a revision of their "Notes for the Guidance of Authors" (paper, 30 cts.), compiled with the aid of their various department heads. The book is something more than a series of hints to authors seeking the Macmillan imprint, for half of it is devoted to exposition of matters of style. The usage here followed is up-to-date and makes a sensible compromise between tradition and innovation, avoiding both the old-fashioned and the queer.

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NOTES AND NEWS

In accordance with its custom *THE DIAL* will issue only one number in July and one in August—on July 18 and August 20 respectively. Fortnightly publication will be resumed in September with the Fall Educational Number, September 5, and the Fall Announcement Number, September 19. Weekly publication, as announced in the preceding issue, will begin October 3.

On July 1 *THE DIAL*'s publication offices will be moved to New York, and thereafter all communications should be addressed to 152 West 13th Street, New York City.

Dr. Will Durant is a lecturer at the New York Labor Temple. Last year he published "Philosophy and the Social Problem" (Macmillan), a book in which he suggested the organization of a Society for Social Research. His letter to *THE DIAL*, discussing "American Liberals and the War," was printed in the issue of April 11 of this year.

William A. Nitze has been head of the Department of Romance Languages and Literatures in the University of Chicago since 1909. He is the author of several books on the Grail romances and a contributor to "The New International Encyclopædia."

Henry Kitchell Webster is well known as the author of many novels and magazine stories. His more recent books have been "The Real Adventure" and "The Painted Scene," the latter a collection of short stories of the stage. "The White Arc," which is now running serially in "Everybody's Magazine," is soon to be issued by the Bobbs-Merrill Co. (publishers of the former books) under the title "An American Family."

John Cournos has contributed prose and verse to "The Egoist" and other periodicals. He is especially interested in Russian literature and last year was sent to Russia as the delegate of a society, formed in London under the presidency of Hugh Walpole, to promote better understanding and greater interchange of ideas between the two nations.

Eloise Robinson has published stories and poems in "Harper's," "Scribner's," "The Outlook," "Poetry," and other magazines. She is a resident of Cincinnati.

The other contributors to this number have previously written for *THE DIAL*.

Among the new Harper issues is "Americanism and Social Democracy," by John Spargo.

Sir James Barrie has at length consented to the publication of his plays, which will be issued in a uniform series under the Scribner imprint.

Houghton Mifflin Co. have announced that next fall they will publish "The Education of Henry Adams," which was privately issued some years ago.

"The Life of God in the Life of His World" is the title of a book by James Morris Whiton which has just been published by Funk & Wagnalls.

The Century Co. announce a "Textbook of Military Aeronautics," by Henry Woodhouse, which is designed to be a popular handbook as well as a work of reference.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have taken over from Mitchell Kennerley "Adventures among Birds," by W. H. Hudson, of which they will issue a new edition with an introduction by Mr. Hudson.

The Cambridge University Press, represented in this country by the Putnams, announces "The Life and Poems of William Cartwright," edited by R. Cullis Coffin, of the Indian Educational Service.

Jacinto Benavente, the Spanish dramatist whose "Plays," translated by John Garret Underhill (Scribner), were reviewed by Padraic Colum in *THE DIAL* of October 25, 1917, has been elected to the Cortes from Madrid.

The Bookshop for Boys and Girls, conducted by the Women's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston, has just published "Out-of-Door Books," a list of books for high school and college pupils compiled by Marion Horton.

The Columbia University prize of \$500 for the best volume of verse published in 1917 has been awarded to Sara Teasdale for her "Love Songs" (Macmillan), which were reviewed in *THE DIAL* of November 8, 1917.

The Lippincott Co. have recently issued a "Mount Vernon Edition" of Mason Weems's "Life of Washington"—the eightieth edition of that biography, which has not been out of print since it was first published, more than a century ago.

The Sturgis & Walton Co. announce that they are about to issue the sixth edition of "Cowboy Songs and Other Frontier Ballads," by John A. Lomax, and that they have in preparation another volume of primitive Western poetry collected by him.

René Boylesve, author of "Tu n'es plus rien," an English translation of which the Scribners have recently published as "You No Longer Count," has been elected to membership in the French Academy, presumably to fill one of the several vacancies discussed by Mr. Dell in the preceding issue of *THE DIAL*.

The Western Theological Seminary, Chicago, has begun the publication of "The Anglican Theological Review," a quarterly. The editors, Samuel A. B. Mercer and Leicester C. Lewis, both of whom are professors in the Seminary, will have the advisory assistance of five representative scholars in the Episcopal Church.

The Four Seas Co. announce the first volume of Brazilian stories to be offered in English, "Brazilian Tales," translated with an introduction and biographical notes by Dr. Isaac Goldberg. Machado de Assis, Jose de Madeiros e Albuquerque, Coelho Netto, and Carmen Dolores are the authors represented.

Henri Barbusse's "L'Enfer," of which the author's recent revision was reviewed in Robert Dell's letter in *THE DIAL* for March 14 (page 232), has been translated into English by Edward J. O'Brien under the title "The Inferno." The translation will appear shortly under the Boni & Liveright imprint. Mr. O'Brien is the editor of "The Best American Short Stories" series of annuals published by Small, Maynard & Co.

Norman Angell's new book, "The Political Conditions of Allied Success," including the discussion

of internationalism which he contributed to THE DIAL of May 9, is to be published immediately by the Putnams. To their "Loeb Classical Library" they propose to add in the near future the fourth and fifth volumes of W. R. Paton's translation of "The Greek Anthology"; Xenophon's "Hellenica," translated by C. L. Brownson, Vol. I; and a translation of Juvenal and Persius by G. G. Ramsay.

Longmans, Green & Co. have instituted a new series to be called "Monographs on Industrial Chemistry," of which three volumes are now ready: "Edible Oils and Fats," by C. Ainsworth Mitchell; "The Scientific Use of Coal," by W. A. Bone; and "Organic Compounds of Arsenic and Antimony," by G. T. Morgan. "The Zinc Industry," by Ernest A. Smith, and "Colour in Relation to Chemical Constitution," by E. R. Watson, are in press and several other volumes are in preparation.

The first award of the Pulitzer Prize of \$1000 for the best play by an American author to be produced in New York during the current season, was made on June 5 by Augustus Thomas, Richard Burton, and Hamlin Garland, the judges appointed by the National Institute of Arts and Letters under authority from Columbia University. The prize goes to Jesse Lynch Williams's comedy "Why Marry?" in which Nat Goodwin is now touring. The play was originally published by the Scribners in 1914 as "And So They Were Married," but the publishers have lately brought out an illustrated edition under the new title. "Why Marry?" was reviewed by Kenneth Macgowan in THE DIAL for April 25.

The Macmillan Co. are adding to their series of Constance Garnett's translations from Chekhov "The Wife, and Other Stories" and "The Witch, and Other Stories." Theodore Marburg's "A League of Nations: Some Chapters in the History of the Movement" they have now supplemented with "A Tentative Draft Convention for a League of Nations," which has been prepared by a group of American jurists and publicists, Mr. Marburg supplying the descriptive comment. In this connection should be noted the recent publication, by the same company, of "In the Fourth Year: Anticipations of a World Peace," the volume which collects H. G. Wells's later contributions to the discussion of the league of nations.

Among last year's donations to the American-Scandinavian Foundation was one of \$3000 from Mr. Charles S. Peterson of Chicago to defray the costs of publishing, in the "Scandinavian Classics," four translations from the Swedish. Of these the first, an "Anthology of Swedish Lyrics," was published in 1917; Selma Lagerlöf's "Gösta Berling," in two volumes, will follow this year; and Heidenstam's "Karolinerne" will appear in 1919. "The American Scandinavian Review" benefits by a \$5000 donation from Mrs. Henry G. Leach. And Mr. C. Henry Smith of San Francisco has contributed \$5000 to endow an illustrated history of Scandinavian art which the Foundation has been planning for some years. The authors will be: for Sweden, Carl G. Laurin; for Norway, Jens Thiis; for Denmark, Emil Hannover. Dr. Christian Brinton will supply an introduction.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS

[The following list, containing 113 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

FICTION.

- The Witch, and Other Stories.** By Anton Chekhov. Translated by Constance Garnett. 12mo, 328 pages. The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.
- The Wife, and Other Stories.** By Anton Chekhov. Translated by Constance Garnett. 12mo, 312 pages. The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.
- Stories of the Steppe.** By Maxim Gorki. Translated by Henry T. Schnitzkind and Isaac Goldberg. 12mo, 59 pages. The Stratford Co. 25 cts.
- A Boy of Bruges.** By Emile and Tita Cammaert. Illustrated, 12mo, 190 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50.
- Worrying Won't Win.** By Montague Glass. Illustrated, 12mo, 230 pages. Harper & Bros. \$1.50.
- Salt: The Education of Griffith Adams.** By Charles G. Norris. 12mo, 378 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50.
- S. O. S. Stand To.** By Reginald Grant. Illustrated, 12mo, 297 pages. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.
- The Blind Beast.** By Robert Ames Bennet. 12mo, 416 pages. Reilly & Britton Co. \$1.50.
- The Two-Faced Man.** By Varick Vanardy. With frontispiece, 12mo, 338 pages. The Macaulay Co. \$1.40.
- The Invisible Enemy.** By George C. Shedd. 12mo, 299 pages. The Macaulay Co. \$1.40.
- The Audacious Adventures of Miles McConaughy.** By Arthur D. Howden Smith. 12mo, 354 pages. George H. Doran Co. \$1.35.
- Willow, the Wisp.** By Archie P. McKishnie. With frontispiece, 12mo, 307 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.35.
- Something That Begins With "T."** By Kay Cleaver Strahan. Illustrated, 12mo, 312 pages. Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.35.
- Bruce of the Circle A.** By Harold Titus. Illustrated, 12mo, 294 pages. Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.35.
- The Yellow Dog.** By Irving Dodge. With frontispiece, 12mo, 78 pages. Harper & Bros. 50 cts.

THE WAR.

- The Faith of France.** By Maurice Barrès. Translated by Elizabeth Marbury. 12mo, 294 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.60.
- War Letters of Edmond Genet.** Edited by Grace Ellery Channing. Illustrated, 12mo, 330 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.
- An American Soldier: Letters of Edwin Austin Abbey.** 2d. With frontispiece, 12mo, 174 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.35.
- The Schemes of the Kaiser.** By Juliette Adam. Translated by J. O. P. Bland. 12mo, 216 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50.
- Interned in Germany.** By H. C. Mahoney. Illustrated, 12mo, 390 pages. Robert M. McBride & Co. \$2.
- My Four Weeks in France.** By Ring W. Lardner. Illustrated, 12mo, 187 pages. Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1.25.
- The Uncivil War.** By Porter Emerson Browne. 12mo, 186 pages. George H. Doran Co. \$1.25.
- My Boy in Khaki.** By Della Thompson Lutes. 12mo, 194 pages. Harper & Bros. \$1.

POETRY AND DRAMA.

- Poems and Lyrics.** By George Reston Malloch. 12mo, 98 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.
- Chamber Music.** By James Joyce. 16mo, 36 pages. The Cornhill Co. \$1.
- Sonnets of the Strife.** By Robert Loveman. 16mo, 33 pages. The Cornhill Co. \$1.
- Light and Mist.** By Katharine Adams. 16mo, 49 pages. The Cornhill Co. \$1.
- Bugle Rhymes from France.** By Paul Myron. 12mo, 138 pages. Mid-Nation Publishers, Chicago. \$1.
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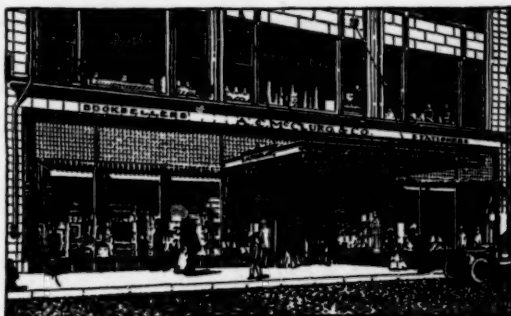
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